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Trial of Gopee-nauth Nundy at Allahabad.

MARTYRS

OF

THE MUTINY;

OR,

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANS IN THE SEPOY REBELLION IN INDIA.

With an Introduction

BY THE

REV. JOHN JENKINS, D.D.

"The noble army of martyrs praise thee."

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The materials of which this volume is composed are from many sources: the main obligation is to a small volume published in London by the Rev. Wm. Owen, entitled "Memorials of Martyrs in the Indian Rebellion." The "Martyr Missionaries" of Mr. Walsh has furnished the affecting details of the Futtegurh Massacre, and "Brock's Life of Havelock" of the occurrences at Cawnpore.

35 eg 50 g. E. H. Walker

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INTRODUCTION.

DOUBT has been both felt and expressed whether the religion of the present time has not degenerated from that height of courage and of hope which it reached in the martyr-ages of the Church. The following memorial of what modern Christianity has enabled some of its professors to endure for the "Master's" name will satisfy the reader that in the day in which he lives the world is not wholly destitute of the noblest type of a living Christianity.

It has been widely questioned in Christian lands whether the religion of the converts who have been gathered into the Church from among the heathen is of that

true character which is possessed by those who from early life have been trained in the midst of Christian privileges. Indeed, mistrust, if not contempt, has characterized the opinions which have been expressed respecting those who through the instrumentality of our missionaries have been "turned from idols to serve the living and true God." A perusal of the narrative which follows will convince any reasonable mind that the religion of at least some heathen converts has survived the severest test to which any man's principles ever have been or can be submitted.

There are few calamities which have not, in the providence of God, a bright side. The proof which the late mutiny in Hindostan supplies of the genuineness of the convictions and hopes of Hindoo Christians, is the mitigating circumstance in that terrible disaster. No Christian can fail to

rejoice in view of the grace and courage which are so graphically depicted in this volume. May it not be hoped that the faithfulness and patience of native converts in India will both remove those groundless objections to foreign missionary labor which have more or less prevailed in all our congregations, and quicken Christians generally in the commanded work of "preaching to every creature" the "glorious gospel of the blessed God"?

Difficult it necessarily is for those who have not resided in India to appreciate the hold which the Christian religion must have taken upon the minds and consciences of this Hindoo detachment of the "noble army of martyrs." With me, this narrative, and that of the martyrs of Madagascar, has done more than aught else, but the promise and covenant of God, to produce confidence in modern missionary labors among the hea-

then. If the feeble and insufficient efforts in India of the churches of Christ have secured results which parallel the martyr consecration of the primitive Christian age and of the age of the Reformation, what may we not hope in relation to the millions of idolaters and Mohammedans who people that continent, when the Christian world shall have awakened to an appreciation of its full responsibility?

This volume is commended to the attention of Christians generally, as calculated to augment their piety and zeal in the service of Christ. These simple, heart-stirring narratives will not be read and considered without leading to earnest self-examination as to the basis of our own personal hopes.

To the guardians of young people, whether parents, Sunday-school superintendents, or teachers of Bible-classes, "The Martyrs of the Mutiny" is recommended as especially

worthy of their attention. In a day when feeble and trashy literature finds its way into Christian families and is sought with avidity by even those who avail themselves of the privilege of Sabbath-school libraries, (not always without success!) it is a great gain to the cause of moral and religious education when a book at once popular and instructive is "thrown into the market."

A great lack in all our churches (may we not say, the chief lack?) is the true martyr-spirit,—the spirit of Him who eighteen hundred years ago laid down his life for us, —the spirit of the apostles of Jesus, who followed the martyr-steps of their Master, —the spirit which on Alpine slopes and in Waldensian homes nerved men and women to achieve similar victories by testifying to the death against error. The Church, we say, lacks this spirit of courage and self-denial; and she must receive it in answer to

prayer, and by dint of practice, ere she wins those conquests to which the providence and the word of God call her. The world seems ready to yield itself to the control of Christian truth; the Church holds back from that self-denial and courage without which the last grand struggle between truth and error can never be successfully carried on.

May we not hope that this voice from the plains of Hindostan will awaken in some hearts, at least, the martyr-spirit?

J. J.

CALVARY CHURCH,
Philadelphia, Feb. 13, 1860.

MARTYRS OF THE MUTINY.

CHAPTER I.

The "Consecrated Cobbler" and the Witty Reviewer—Revival of Missions—What the "Consecrated Cobbler" lived to see—What we see in our Own Days—The Martyr Spirit in India.

More than sixty years ago, a journeyman shoemaker dwelt in the village of Hackleton, a few miles from Northampton, in England. For a "cobbler," the conduct of this man was certainly very odd. A sister who lived with him noticed that he often stood motionless for an hour or more in the middle of the path of his garden, thinking on some newly-contemplated project. "If we join him in his evening hours, we shall find him reading the Bible in one or other of four different languages with which he has

already made himself familiar; or, if we follow him into his school, we shall discover him with a large leather globe of his own construction, pointing out to the village urchins the different kingdoms of the earth, saying, 'These are Christians; these are Mohammedans; and these are pagans—*and these are pagans!*'—his voice stopped by strong emotions, as he repeats and re-repeats the last mournful utterance." This man was CAREY,—the father of modern missions, the chosen instrument of God to awaken the sleeping professors of Christianity to a sense of their responsibility. The deep and ardent thinking of the great "cobbler" (no nobler name can we bestow on him) gave birth to the "Baptist Mission Society." He succeeded in forming a small society, at Kettering, on the 2d of October, 1792, and at the first meeting collected sixty-two dollars,—the nucleus of that vast machinery of missions which now extends to almost every clime and tongue.

"Carey sailed to India in 1793. Driven by the jealousy of the East-India Company"

—to their eternal shame be it spoken—"out of an English ship in which he was about to sail, he took passage in a Danish vessel, and chose a Danish settlement in India for his residence." One man, unappalled at the prospect, had set out to convert one hundred and thirty millions of immortal beings.

When we consider the apparent insignificancy of the man and the means, we can scarcely wonder that the witty and elegant Sydney Smith should have laughed and wondered at such an insane scheme,—though we cannot help feeling a meed of contempt that a professedly Christian minister should have stooped to dip his pen in the vinegar of satire, in order to ridicule an undertaking at once so Christian, unselfish, and noble. In the "Edinburgh Review," of April, 1808, the following appeared, in the well-known style of the sarcastic but irreverent parson:—

"The first number of the 'Anabaptist Missions' informs us that the origin of the society will be found in *the workings of*

Brother Carey's mind, whose heart appears to have been set upon the conversion of the heathen in 1786, *before he came to reside at Moulton.* These workings produced a sermon at Northampton, and the sermon a subscription, to convert four hundred and twenty millions of pagans. Of the subscription we have the following account:—'Information is come from Brother Carey that a gentleman from Northumberland had promised to send him twenty pounds for the society and to subscribe four guineas annually. At this meeting at Northampton, two other friends subscribed and paid two guineas apiece, two more, one guinea each, and another, half a guinea,—making six guineas and a half in all.'"

This the reverend wit presented as part of a "perilous heap of trash," while executing his chosen office of "routing out a nest of consecrated cobblers." "Why," adds he,—"why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the finest regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinion of the gospel? Let

any man read the 'Anabaptist Missions.' Can he do so without deeming such men pernicious and extravagant in their own country, and without feeling that they are benefitting us much more by their absence than the Hindoos by their advice?"

That "Consecrated Cobbler" lived till from the press which he established at Serampore there had issued two hundred and twelve thousand copies of the Bible, in forty different languages,—the vernacular tongues of three hundred and eighty millions of immortal beings,—and until he had seen expended upon the noble object, on behalf of which the first small offering at Kettering was presented, no less a sum than four hundred and sixty thousand dollars! And thank God that in our own day we live to see the effects of the work of those "little detachments of maniacs;" to see the gospel flourishing in every part of the earth; to see that church, of which the witty reviewer was an outwardly-consecrated minister, foremost in the propagation of foreign missions, and to see in the triumphs of Hindoo Chris-

tian martyrs the power and efficacy of the gospel of Christ.

In the course of the recent rebellion in India, the effect of missionary labor among the heathen was more strongly brought to light than ever before. The history of the martyrs of the Christian church affords noble examples of the victories of faith; but seldom —not even in the bloody massacres of Madagascar—has the Christian light shone more brightly, or the Christian faith been more triumphant, than in the terrible trials of the Sepoy rebellion. The loss of life was but a small matter, compared with the fearful tortures of mind and body, the dreadful dishonor and outrage, to which those Christian martyrs, both Hindoo, American, and European, were exposed. And yet, though surrounded by millions of raging foes, though threatened with the most terrible sufferings, or proffered the boon of life for the denial of their religion, but few, very few, of the bands of Christians in India were unstable in the faith. While those who had been brought up in the way of

holiness in their childhood exhibited the undaunted spirit of their race and religion, the despised Hindoo, but lately converted to Christianity,—till within a few months, or, at most, years, an idolatrous pagan,—showed a no less Christian spirit and was no less ready to die for the religion of the gospel.

To read the history of their heroic endurance and martyr death may serve to confirm and encourage the faith of those who, more favored than they, live in a land of safety and peace,—where every man dwelleth "under his own vine and fig-tree, no man daring to make him afraid."

CHAPTER II.

Lessons and Encouragements from the Sepoy Rebellion —India before visited by the Consecrated Cobbler— India Sixty Years afterwards, and Now—Discouragements to the Missions from the English Government —Constitution of the Army—Mohammedan Intrigue —The First Spark—The Fire spreading—Delhi— Statements of the Missionaries—Instance of Apostasy.

THE great "Sepoy Rebellion" in India seems to have been intended, in the providence of God, for a lesson to the Christians of the world. It not only proved to England, and to the great Company which had governed India for over a century, that He who holds the nations in his hand will not suffer those who are blessed with the light of his gospel to lie indolently still while their brethren are perishing, or to truckle to the pagan belief of those people who have been by him committed to their care. It also proved to Christians of every land

that their labors and expenditures had not been in vain, and that the gospel planted in that dark and heathen soil had been rich in precious fruits. We shudder as we read the mournful story of the sufferings and fate of the Christian martyrs who perished in that mutiny; but our sadness is turned into joy, and our sorrow into thanksgiving, when we learn their glorious end.

It may be well here to give a picture of the state of India before Carey had carried thither the precious seed, and when Christians were yet careless of the heathen's fate. It is thus depicted in the last Report of the Baptist Missionary Society of London:—

"When Carey first pondered over the religious condition of the heathen world, idolatry reigned throughout India, only here and there limited in its sway by the hostile monotheism of the prophet of Mecca. With the exception of six or seven most estimable Danish and German missionaries in the Peninsula, Hindostan was one wide desert of frightful spiritual desolation. The missionary of the cross was nowhere to be

met with in all Northern India. The word of God was altogether unknown, and but the rarest facilities existed for the acquirement of the vernacular languages of the country. Caste bound the people with an unbroken chain. The priesthood dominated over every class of society. The Sudra was the slave of the Brahmin. Legal or social rights there were none but for the twice-born. The cruellest and vilest rites were practised in the temples and at the festivals of the gods. Infanticide abounded. A thousand widows were annually burned on the pyre of their husbands in Bengal alone. Slavery existed in many parts of the country. The ravages of the Mahrattas and the Pindarries had scarcely ceased with the establishment of the British power, and not without leaving behind them fearful traces of their wasting inroads in ruined cities, pillaged homesteads, and jungle-covered fields. Roads there were none. The country was fast falling into utter barbarism. Letters had well-nigh ceased to be cultivated. What learning there was was the property of the

pundits, (the *scribes* of the East;) and the sacred books were carefully excluded from the eye of the common people.

"On the suppression of internal strife, the overthrow of the empire of the Moslem, and the rise of the English dominion, idol-worship enjoyed a revival. The occasion favored it. The temples were again thronged. The places of pilgrimage, made safely accessible by the introduction of order and law, were visited by multitudes, and the horrors of Juggernath were repeated at Gya, Benares, Allahabad, and Hurdwar. Yogis and faquirs roamed the country in large bands, voraciously feeding upon the possessions of the poor and committing unmentionable atrocities. English authority had even become a party to the maintenance and extension of this system of evil. Alienated lands were restored. The endowments of mosques and temples were carefully husbanded and placed under the care of the fiscal officers of the state. Temples were built and repaired by funds supplied from the state treasuries. Roads to sacred places

were made, the pilgrims taxed, and the revenues of the country profited by the superstitions of the people. Schools there were none, except for the study of the Koran and Shastre (the sacred books of the Mohammedan and the Hindoo) or for the purpose of imparting to the trading-classes the merest rudiments of writing and arithmetic. The people literally perished for lack of knowledge."

Let us glance at another picture. In 1852,—sixty years after the "detachments of maniacs" had assaulted India,—the Rev. Joseph Mullins, of Calcutta, who published most valuable statistics of the "Results of Missionary Labor in India," makes the following statement regarding the position of missions:—

"The NATIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES in India, established by missionaries, now amount to THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-ONE. Some of these contain numerous members; but the great majority have but a few. It must be remembered that the standard of admission into these little societies is not

everywhere the same. Some missionaries admit members only upon good evidence of their conversion, arising from competent knowledge and consistency of Christian conduct. Others require merely a certain amount of knowledge in their communicants, and the absence of great inconsistencies. By some the communion of the Lord's Supper is considered a church-privilege, to be enjoyed only by those who can appreciate it. By others it is counted a means of grace which shall fit men for understanding its ends. The number of members admitted on the higher standard is *five thousand four hundred;* of those on the lower, *thirteen thousand.* The care of these infant churches constitutes one of the missionary's hardest trials. While it is a matter of thankfulness and joy to see their members forsaking idolatry, seeking the true salvation, and attending regularly the means of grace, their defects, their backslidings, and the grievous falls into sin which sometimes occur, prove how imperfect their character is, and give them many a bitter hour. It is scarcely

just to look for any high general development of Christian excellence amidst the dense heathenism of India, and amidst a people as low in moral goodness as any in the earth. The evil may be accounted for: how to devise a remedy is more difficult. Careful pastoral superintendence and instruction, raising the standard of admission into the body of communicants and members, and the faithful administration of Scripture discipline, may, under the divine blessing, tend to the elevation of native Christians, and by degrees diminish the evils which prevail among them.

"Connected with the native churches is a body of individuals cut off entirely from the great communities of Hindoos and Mussulmans. It includes not only the families of native Christians, but of many others who have cast off the restraints of heathenism and placed themselves under the influence of the gospel. Though but nominally Christian, they are all under regular Christian instruction; the children especially are cared for in schools; and, under the bless-

ing of God, much good may be effected among them in the future."

"At the commencement of the year 1852, there were laboring throughout India and Ceylon,—

The agents of	22 Missionary Societies.
These include	443 Missionaries;
of whom	48 are ordained Natives;
together with	698 Native Catechists.
These agents reside at	313 Missionary Stations.
There have been founded	331 Native Churches,
containing	18,410 Communicants,
in a community of	112,191 Native Christians.
The Missionaries maintain	1,347 Vernacular Day-schools,
containing	47,504 boys;
together with	93 Boarding-schools,
containing	2,414 Christian boys.
They also superintend	126 superior English Day-schools,
and instruct therein	14,562 boys and young men.
Female education embraces	347 Day-schools for girls,
containing	11,519 Scholars;
but hopes more from its	102 Girls' Boarding-schools,
containing	2,779 Christian girls.

These figures become more impressive, when we reflect that they represent the germs of future results. It is now the seed-time; the harvest is yet to come. These infant churches are starting-points of Christianity in the nations of India. That which has been done is only the groundwork of results to be achieved.

"The Bible has been wholly translated into *ten languages*, and the New Testament into *five* others, not reckoning the Serampore versions. In these ten languages, a considerable Christian literature has been produced, including from twenty to fifty, and even seventy, *tracts*, suitable for distribution among Hindoos and Mussulmans. Missionaries have also established and now maintain twenty-five PRINTING-*establishments*. While preaching the gospel regularly in numerous tongues in India, they maintain ENGLISH SERVICES in *seventy-one* chapels for the edification of our own countrymen. The total cost of this vast missionary agency during the year 1851 amounted to ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND POUNDS, (nine hun-

dred and fifty thousand dollars,) of which thirty-three thousand five hundred pounds were contributed in this country, not by the native Christian community, but by Europeans. A few comments on these expressive facts may put them in a clear light.

"The various MISSIONARY SOCIETIES from which these efforts spring are twenty-two in number. Besides the great missionary societies of England, the Established and Free Church of Scotland's missions, and the American Board, they include the American Presbyterian Church; the American Baptist Missions; six societies in Germany, of which the society at Basle ranks first in its amount of agency; the General Baptist Society; the Irish Presbyterian Church, and others. To these we must add the six Bible and Tract Societies of England and America. It is a most gratifying fact that, notwithstanding the numerous and sometimes bitter controversies which occur among Christians of the Western world, their missionary messengers in the East Indies exhibit a very large amount of practical and efficient Christian

union. While occupying stations apart from each other, and thus avoiding occasion of mutual interference with each others' plans, in numberless instances the laborers of different societies cultivate each others' acquaintance and preach together to the heathen. Almost all use the same versions of the Bible; and the Christian tracts and books written by one missionary become the common property of all others. At Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, the missionaries of all societies are accustomed to meet monthly for mutual conference and united prayer. In these meetings, all general questions relating to the more efficient conduct of missionary operations, to common difficulties and common success, are brought forward and discussed; while frequent occasions are furnished in private for cultivating personal friendships of the closest kind. Of the exceeding value of such union, as well as of its duty, scarcely too high an estimate can be made."

The same report which gave such a terrible picture of the state of India in

Carey's time thus eloquently exhibits the astonishing changes which Christianity has wrought:—

"Now, from the lone wanderer in the Sunderbunds of Bengal and the six or seven faithful men on the coast of Tranquebar, the missionary band has multiplied to nearly five hundred missionaries, the chosen messengers of Christ from all the churches of Christendom. Seven hundred converts assist them in preaching Christ crucified and in distributing the bread of life to their perishing fellow-countrymen. In lands where only the revelry of idol-worship, or the hoarse fanaticism of the followers of the false prophet, insulted the God of heaven, there now gather around the table of the Lord some twenty thousand persons, who have learned to sing the songs of Zion. A hundred thousand more are released from the chains of caste, and worship at the footstool of the Most High; and as many more stand perfected before the throne of God and the Lamb. The jungles of Burmah, too, have given to Christ's church an accession of

many thousand souls, their conversion almost answering the prophet's question, 'Shall a nation be born at once?' Within the circuit of the British empire in the East, the existence of more than four hundred Christian churches testifies that his servants have not labored in vain.

"Besides this brief summary of work done, it must not be forgotten that the missionaries have traversed the country in all directions, and have communicated to myriads some knowledge of the way of salvation. Moreover, they rejoice in the prevalence of the impression on the minds of the population generally that the reign of Hindooism is drawing to a close. The festivals of the gods are celebrated with less pomp and circumstance, pilgrimage is on the decrease, fewer temples are annually erected, Brahmins complain of the diminution of their gains, devotees have diminished in number and are held in less esteem, and indecencies are to a great degree withdrawn to the dark precincts of the temple-courts,—especially in localities where Europeans reside. Nowhere

is idolatry so defiant as it was in the early days of evangelic toil. Evidence yearly accumulates to establish the fact that numbers serve the Lord of Hosts in secret, whom fear, or other motives, at present restrain from the confession of it. In some places there have appeared popular movements in favor of Christianity, which may fairly be regarded as only preliminary to a wider acceptance of the gospel. Such have been the movements in the villages south of Calcutta, in the districts of Jessore, Barisaul, and Krishnaghur, among the Shanars of Southern India, and the indigenous inhabitants of the hills of Chota Nagpore. If some with little knowledge have cast off the trammels of heathenism, yet is there a blessing even in the lowest measure of departure from the abominations and superstitions of the land; others, in considerable numbers, have vindicated their claim to be regarded as genuine converts to the gospel of Christ.

"The missionaries have wielded the power of the press with the most important results.

They were the first to apply it to the preparation and issue of books in the language of the common people. By them the vernaculars have been cultivated and elevated from a rude patois into forms fitted for the expression of the highest truths. The word of God has been translated, in whole or in part, into the principal dialects of the country. The rude inhabitants of the hills have had their native tongue reduced to writing, and portions of the Scriptures and other books prepared for their instruction. Upwards of two millions of parts or volumes of the sacred writings of our faith have issued from the mission-presses. The learned pundits of the country have received, nearly complete, the whole Bible in the Sanscrit tongue, from the diligent and arduous studies of Carey, Yates, and Wenger. Four volumes of this great work and noble monument of missionary learning have already left the press; and the present year will, it is hoped, witness its completion. Tracts in uncounted numbers have spread through the length and breadth of the land the good tidings of

peace; and several millions of school-books have contributed to the instruction and enlightenment of the present generation.

"In all this we have results actually gained. They are the direct product of missionary exertion. They are incontestable evidences that the Lord's servants have not labored in vain. Changes to be presently referred to may, or may not, be owing to the same diligent workmanship: the facts given above are indubitable proofs of God's approval of the well-directed labors of the missionary band. But for their sanctified exertions, these facts would have had no existence. They are the first-fruits unto God of the consecration of his church in these latter days to the extension of his praise; and to him shall be the glory. His blessing puts to shame the scoffs of adversaries."

Although the missionary work was thus progressing in India, it is well known that the policy of the Government had been opposed to the preaching of Christianity, while the religions of the country—Mohammedanism and Brahminism—were upheld by the

soldiers of a Christian power and by the revenues of a Christian people. Magnificent as was the conquest and glorious as were the deeds which won India, they are thrown into the deepest shade by the fact that England's power assisted in maintaining the religion of pagans and Mohammedans. Terrible was the retribution which fell upon the faithless nation, and dreadful the warning which roused them from their lethargy.

The native army of India originated with Lord Clive, in 1757. In the month of January of that year, the first battalion of Bengal Sepoys was raised, and officered from the English forces. The officers consisted of a European captain, lieutenant, and ensign. The other officers were generally natives. The army of the Bengal Presidency, —in which the mutiny occurred,—especially, was composed of Brahmins and Mohammedans, the former predominating. The Brahmin Sepoy, uniting often the duties of the soldier and the priest, and retaining all the haughtiness of his race, demanded comforts and privileges allowed to the soldiers of

Sepoys in uniform.

no other army in the world. These, unfortunately, the Indian Government too readily conceded. He was treated as on a par with the European soldiery, was permitted frequent furloughs to visit his home or the shrines of his deities, and received decorations of honour for distinguished services.

But the Sepoy unfaithfulness is most to be ascribed to Mohammedan intrigue. It is known to every one acquainted with Indian society that the Mussulman portion of the people have very generally exhibited an impatience of British control. These men were ever unscrupulous in the use of means to gratify their ambition, and taught from infancy to tell lies, on principle, for the furtherance of their religion.

It was natural that, placed side by side as fellow-soldiers, and often fighting together against a common foe, the Mohammedans and Brahmins, who had before looked upon each other as dire enemies, should be drawn together by sympathy, at least of profession, and that the Hindoos should be open to the intrigues of their wily companions.

So long as the kingdom of Oude remained independent, the Mussulmans hoped it might form a nucleus of power by which the Mohammedan empire should again be established in India; but its annexation to the British rule seemed to dash to the ground any hopes they may have had of reviving their dominion. Their only resource was the Sepoy army, numbering nearly 200,000 men. By working on the patriotism, the religious passions and prejudices, of these soldiers, they determined to excite them to rebellion:—with what success the mourning homes, the blood-stained streets, and ruined hamlets of India too well testify.

There is nothing respecting which a Hindoo is so sensitive as his *caste*. To attempt to deprive him of his *caste* is almost worse than an attempt on his life. It was not difficult, therefore, for the Mohammedans to convince the Hindoos that they who had forbidden widows to be burned and children to be thrown into the Ganges,—who had interfered with the cruelties of the swinging feast, and granted a Brahmin permission

to retain his property though he changed his religion,—who had allowed the widows of Brahmins to marry again,—were about to do away entirely with the sacred privileges of *caste*. Unhappily, the affair of the "greased cartridges" afforded too good an opportunity to the scheming Mussulmans. The die was thrown. Mohammedan and Hindoo, like Herod and Pilate, became friends, being united at least in one thing,—their common enmity to the British and their desire to extirpate the race from India.

In the month of January, 1857, a workman of the lowest *caste*, (a *Sudra*,) at Dumdum, asked a Brahmin Sepoy of the 2d Grenadiers to give him water from his "*lota*," (a brass pot.) The Sepoy refused, on the ground of his superior *caste*, and because his "*lota*" would be defiled by the touch of the Sudra. The latter, incensed, observed that "the pride of *caste* would soon be brought low; for the Sepoy would presently have to bite cartridges covered with the fat of cows and pigs,"—the one an animal of special veneration, the other of as

great abhorrence. An excitement was at once occasioned among the troops, who begged the officers to change the objectionable cartridges. This was done, by order of the Government, and different ingredients used in their preparation. But the news of the affair spread. The Sepoys—prompted, no doubt, by their Mohammedan friends—began to imagine that they were the victims of a conspiracy to destroy their caste. At Barrackpoor the inquietude manifested itself by the burning of several dwellings. Secret mutinous meetings were held by the soldiery. At Berhampoor and Vizianagram the troops refused to receive the cartridges or to obey the orders of their officers. At Barrackpoor, on the 29th of March, two English sub-officers were cut down.

The 19th Regiment, which had been principally engaged in this affair, was dismissed, and Mungul Pandy, the leading mutineer, hung. Still the contagion spread.

A European doctor at Lucknow inadvertently tasted some medicine before handing it to a sick Brahmin. It was construed

by the soldiers as an attempt on their *caste:* the regiment rose, and burned the doctor's bungalow. Sir Henry Lawrence, the British Resident, observing the mutinous disposition of the men, called out several regiments, and, with a battery of eight guns, proceeded by night to the lines of the mutineers, surrounded them, and, compelling them to lay down their arms, confined them to their lines pending further measures. On the evening of Sunday, the 10th of May, three regiments rose at Meeroot, fired the bungalows, and ruthlessly murdered every European man, woman, and child they could find. Thence they at once marched to Delhi, which was garrisoned by native troops. One regiment was led out to meet them, but the faithless Sepoys to a man joined with the rebels; the English officers were brutally slain, and the whole force, pouring into Delhi at different quarters, spent the remainder of the day in outrages and murders too horrible and fiendish to relate. The vast magazine was defended by seven Englishmen until no longer tenable, when it was fired, blowing

two thousand of the mutineers into the air. On the 12th of May the Empire was proclaimed, under the King of Delhi; and it may be said that the mutiny had then fairly commenced. Thus inaugurated in blood, it continued in blood until heathen fury had spent its strength and the vengeance of an outraged nation had been fully satisfied.

On the 10th of May, 1857, as we have seen, fell at Meeroot the first victims of the Indian rebellion. On the next day, forty women and forty-four children perished in the most horrible manner at Delhi. At Agra, thirty-three more were coolly murdered; at Cawnpore, between three and four hundred. The barbarous Nena Sahib —who had been educated, in accordance with the policy of the Government, in a Hindoo-British College, where among English and Continental classics the Bible was never admitted—ordered three hundred men, women, and children to be butchered on the night of the 16th July.

"From that time forward," says the Rev. Joseph Mullens, "began a series of atrocities

unparalleled in the history of our colonial settlements. From that time, in numerous localities in Upper India, men, women, children, of our own nation, were exposed to trials, difficulties, and dangers of the most awful kind and were involved in one common ruin. They were hunted down, tied together, fastened to trees and stakes, and, though unarmed and defenceless, were brutally slain. For several months, over hundreds of square miles, their houses were heaps of ruins. The highways were destroyed; all traffic ceased; riot and plunder and murder stalked wildly through the land, and the bodies of about fifteen hundred of our own countrymen and countrywomen lay unburied upon the wastes, a prey to jackals and vultures and the foul birds of night."

Dr. Duff, in a letter dated from October 1st to 8th, says, "From the fragmentary way in which details have been reaching us, it is impossible to ascertain with absolute accuracy the number of British Christians that have met with an untimely end in the midst of the present awful whirlwind of fire and

blood. One thing is certain: that, at the lowest calculation, the number cannot be under thirteen hundred. Of that number, about two hundred and forty have been British military officers,—about a tenth of the officers of the Bengal army. Great as is this number, the marvel is that, amid such terrific scenes, it has been so small. I now speak of those who have been actually massacred, and not of those who have fallen in open battle with the enemy. The rest of the thirteen hundred consist of civil servants of the East India Company, assistants in Government offices, bankers, traders, agents, and ladies.

"The number also includes four chaplains, and ten male missionaries, with their wives. Of the latter ten, two belonging to the Propagation Society fell at Cawnpore, and three at Delhi; four of the American Presbyterian Mission at Futteghur, and one of the Established Church of Scotland at Sealcote, in the Punjaub."

Of the many victims of these massacres it is pleasing to find so few who were willing

to save their lives by denying their faith; and, what is more encouraging to missionary effort, it would seem that a greater proportion of converted Hindoos were true to their religion than of their more favoured brethren from Christian lands. In one instance, an Englishwoman, who, like her countrywomen, had professed the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, professed the faith of the false prophet, and allowed her children to deny the name of Christ, as the price of their escape from death. To us this is a mournful fact; but who can throw the first stone at her? Reader, is *your* faith so strong, and does *your* religion so shine amid trials,—slight compared with those of the Christians in India,—that you can reproach the feeble faith of this poor woman? Ah! how few know the strength of their armour until they have proved it!

But on these few cases of apostasy we need not dwell. Let us rather turn to the noble instances of heroic constancy exhibited by the faithful Christians of India.

CHAPTER III.

The Mutineers at Delhi, and Slaughter of the Missionaries and their Families—The Narrative of Walayat Ali.

It will be most interesting if we collect into separate chapters the memorials of the sufferings and glorious triumphs of the Indian martyrs and confessors at each of the stations which have acquired a dreadful renown for their several massacres.

The mutineers entered Delhi on the 11th of May, 1857. Though gallantly resisted, their immense numbers soon overpowered the Europeans, and the terrible slaughter commenced. The Rev. Mr. Jennings, the chaplain, was murdered before the eyes of his daughter, who, after being subjected to the foulest outrages, was herself butchered. The Rev. A. B. Hubbard and his family attempted to conceal themselves from the infuriated soldiery,

but were found, and slowly despatched by cutting their throats with broken glass.

But of all who fell at Delhi the title of MARTYR belongs most fully to the Hindoo Walayat Ali, whose wife survived to tell the story of his fate, of the greatness of his faith, and of the good confession which he witnessed before the heathen.

THE STORY OF WALAYAT ALI.

Walayat Ali belonged to a respectable and once wealthy Mohammedan family in Agra. His first religious impressions were the result of the labours of Colonel Wheeler, a devoted officer in the British army of India. He was induced to commence reading the Bible; but, although his mind was unsettled, he still clung to Mohammedanism, and sought for the removal of his doubts through its priests and ceremonies. His last attempt thoroughly opened his eyes to the real nature of Mohammedanism, and drove him with renewed diligence to the Bible. He went to a moulvi, or Mohammedan priest, of reputed sanctity, and sought

to become one of his disciples. For this the priest required a fee of twelve shillings, but, after hard bargaining, came down to two shillings,—at the same time cautioning our friend against telling any one of the small price he had paid, and exhorting him to say to all that he had paid the full price, twelve shillings. This was too much for his credulity. The thought struck him, "I can sin enough without the aid of a priest: sin is the burden under which I am groaning; and yet this man would have me tell lies in order to fill his pockets!" From henceforth he turned to Christianity, and long continued to visit the missionaries of all the denominations in Agra.

He was eventually baptized by the Baptist missionaries in 1838; and from that period to his death his life was one continued scene of violence and persecution. His own family and neighbors commenced to throw bricks into his yard, stopped him from getting water at the well, and attempted to poison him. A younger brother commenced a lawsuit against him. It

was thought advisable that he should leave Agra for Chittura, where he continued to labour for seven years. The Baptist brethren having decided to send a native preacher to Delhi, pending the arrival of a European missionary, Walayat Ali was selected. "When I asked him to go," writes the Rev. James Smith, with whom he had been associated at Chittura, "he hesitated for some time. He knew well the danger and difficulties he should have to grapple with, and the peculiar hatred of the Mohammedans to any one who had left their ranks, and he might well hesitate before he undertook such an arduous task. When once, however, the path of duty had been ascertained, he consulted no more with flesh and blood, but declared to me his readiness to go, though he might be called to lay down his life for his Lord and Saviour. When he bade a sorrowful good-bye to us at Chittura, with his interesting family, little did I expect how soon he would be called to the presence of his Lord in the martyr's chariot of fire. I visited him at Delhi, when other

duties permitted, and often preached with him to large and attentive crowds of people in the Chandni Chouk Bazaar, and other great thoroughfares; and I heard, the last time I was there, that his influence was being felt among the respectable Mohammedans, and that one of the princes from the palace paid him an occasional visit during the darkness of the evening. There can be no doubt that many in Delhi, who had failed to stop his mouth by fair argument, were too ready to stop it by the sword, as soon as the dread of British power was removed; and hence I conclude the townspeople, (who knew him, and not the Sepoys from Meeroot, who could not know him,) on the breaking out of the insurrection, rushed on, and cut him down."

Walayat's wife, who was also a follower of Christ, thus narrates the closing scenes of her husband's earthly career:—

"On Monday, the 11th of May, about nine o'clock in the morning, my husband was preparing to go out to preach, when a native preacher, named Thakoor, of the

Church Mission, came in, and told us that all the gates of the city had been closed, that the Sepoys had mutinied, and that the Mohammedans of the city were going about robbing and killing every Christian. He pressed hard on my husband to escape at once if possible, else that we would all be killed. My husband said, 'No, no, brother: the Lord's work cannot be stopped by any one.' In the mean while fifty horsemen were seen coming, sword in hand, and setting fire to the houses around. Thakoor said, 'Here they are come! now, what will you do? Run! run! I will, and you had better come.' My husband said, 'This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer.' Poor Thakoor ran, was seen by the horsemen, and killed. My husband called us all to prayer, when, as far as I recollect, he said,—

" 'O Lord, many of thy people have been slain before this by the sword, and burned in the fire, for thy name's sake. Thou didst give them help to hold fast in the faith. Now, O Lord, *we* have fallen into the fiery trial. Lord, may it please thee to help us

to suffer with firmness. Let us not fall nor faint in heart under this sore temptation.

"'Even to the death, oh, help us to confess, and not to deny thee, our dear Lord! Oh, help us to bear this cross, that we may, if we die, obtain a crown of glory!'

"After we had prayers, my husband kissed us all, and said,—

"'See that, whatever comes, you do not deny Christ; for if you confide in him, and confess him, you will be blessed, and have a crown of glory. True, our dear Saviour has told us to be wise as the serpent, as well as innocent as the dove; so, if you can flee, do so; but, come what will, *don't deny Christ.*'

"Now I began to weep bitterly, when he said, 'Wife, dear, I thought your faith was stronger in the Saviour than mine. Why are you so troubled? Remember God's word, and be comforted. Know that if you die you go to Jesus. And if you are spared, Christ is your keeper. I feel confident that if any of our missionaries live, you will all be taken care of; and should they all perish,

yet Christ lives forever. If the children are killed before your face, oh, then take care that you do not deny Him who died for us. This is my last charge; and God help you!'

"Now some horsemen came up, and the faquirs (devotees) who lived near us told them to kill my husband,—that he was an infidel preacher, and that he had destroyed the faith of many by preaching about Jesus Christ. The troopers asked him to repeat the *Kulma;** but he would not. Two of them now fired at us, and one shot passed close by my husband's ear and went into the wall behind us. Now all the children fled through a back door toward the house of Mirza Hajee, one of the Shazadas, (or princes,) who respected my husband, and was fond of hearing of the love of God through Christ. He dressed like a faquir, and seemed partial to the gospel. He took in my seven children, who fled for refuge. One of the troopers now interposed, saying, 'Don't kill them: Walayat Ali's father was

* The Mohammedan Creed.

a very pious Mussulman, who went on a pilgrimage to Mecca; and it is likely that this man is a Christian only for the sake of money, and he may again become a good Mussulman.' Another trooper now asked my husband, 'Who, then, are you, and what are you?' He answered, 'I was at one time *blind*, but now I see. God mercifully opened my eyes, and I have found a refuge in Christ. *Yes, I am a Christian; and I am resolved to live and die a Christian.*' 'Ah,' said the trooper, 'you see that he is a Kaffir, (unbeliever;) kill him.'

"Again he was threatened, with loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and asked to repeat the Kulma, with a promise of our lives and protection. My húsband said, 'I have repented once, and I have also believed in Christ: so I have no need of further repentance.' At this time two European gentlemen were seen running down the road leading to the river, when the troopers said, 'Let us run after these Feringhees (Europeans) first: then we can return and kill these infidels.' So they went.

"My husband now said to me, 'Flee, flee —now is the time—before they return.' He told me to go to the faquirs' Tukeea, while he would go to the Rev. Mr. Mackay's house, to try to save him. I went to the Tukeea; but the faquirs would not allow me to go in, and would have had me killed, but for the interposition of Mirza Hajee, the Prince, who said to the troopers, 'This woman and her husband are my friends: if you kill them I will get you all blown up.' Through fear of this, they let me go, when I began to cry about my children; but Mirza Hajee told me that he had them all safe. I now went after my husband towards Mr. Mackay's house in Dyriagunge. On the way I saw a crowd of the city Mohammedans, and my husband in the midst of them. They were dragging him about on the ground, beating him on the head and in the face with their shoes, some saying, 'Now preach Christ to us.' 'Now where is the Christ in whom you boast?' and others asking him to forsake Christianity and repeat the Kulma.

"My husband said, 'No, I never will: my Saviour took up his cross and went to God; I take up my life as a cross, and will follow him to heaven.'

"They now asked him mockingly if he were thirsty, saying, 'I suppose you would like some water.'

"He said, 'When my Saviour died, he got vinegar mingled with gall: I don't need your water. But if you mean to kill me, do so at once, and don't keep me in this pain. You are the true children of your prophet Mohammed. He went about converting with his sword, and he got thousands to submit from fear. But I won't. Your swords have no terror for me. Let it fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ.'

"Now a trooper came up and asked what all this was about. The Mussulmans said, 'Here we have a devil of a Christian, who will not recant: so do you kill him.' At this the Sepoy aimed a blow with his sword, which nearly cut off his head. His last words were, '*O Jesus, receive my soul!*'

"I was close by under a tree, where I

could see and hear all this. I was much terrified, and I shrieked out when I saw my poor husband was dead. It was of no use my staying there: so I went back to the chapel-compound, where I found my house in a blaze, and people busy plundering it. I now went to my children, to the house of the prince Mirza Hajee, where I stayed three days, when orders were issued to the effect that should any one be found guilty of harboring or concealing Christians they would be put to death. The queen, Zeenut Mahal, had some fifty Europeans concealed; and she did all in her power to save them, but was compelled to give them up. Mirza Gohur, a nephew of the king, knew that I was with Mirza Hajee, and he remonstrated with him, and warned him of the consequences of keeping me. Mirza Hajee now told me that I must take one of two steps, —either become a Mohammedan or leave his house. Both of them urged upon me to leave Christianity, saying that every Christian in India had been killed, and that for me to hold out would be great folly. I

was promised a house to live in, and thirty rupees* per month to support myself and children, and that no one should molest me. God helped me to resist the temptation, and I said, '*No, I cannot forsake Christ. I will work to support my children, and if I must be killed, God's will be done.*'

"I had now to go out, with my seven children. A *coolie* (porter) who came with me led me to the Kotwali, (police-station,) and some Sepoys there attempted to kill us. One man, however, knowing who I was, told them that I was under the protection of the king, and not to kill me. I now went about, seeking for some place to dwell in; but no one would take us in, lest they should be murdered on our account. So I had to wander from one place to another for some ten days, having no place to rest, and nothing hardly to eat. Out of the city we could not go, for all the gates were closed, and strict orders given not to allow any woman to go out.

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* The rupee is the standard coin of India, and rather less than half a dollar in value.

"On the thirteenth day a large body of the Sepoys went out, and I managed to mix with the crowd, and got out with my children. I now went to a place in the suburbs of Delhi, called Tulwaree, where I got a room for eight annas (a half-rupee) a month. Six rupees was all the money I had, all the rest having been taken from us by the Mohammedans.

"When the English soldiers arrived before Delhi, I found my position any thing but safe; for the Sepoys had a strong party there, and we were exposed to the fire of friends and foes. Cannon-balls came near us again and again, and one day one even got into our room, but did us no harm.

"I heard that many people went to a place called Soonput, twenty coss (forty miles) from Delhi; so I accompanied some people there.

"In this place I remained for three months, working hard to keep my little children from starvation. I was chiefly engaged in grinding corn, getting but one anna (three cents) for grinding nine seers, (eighteen pounds,)

and, in order to get a little food for all, I often had to work night and day: yet the Lord was good, and we did not starve.

"When I heard that the English troops had taken Delhi from the city people, many of whom came into Soonput in a great terror, I left, with two other women, who went in search of their husbands. I again came to Tulwaree, where the whole of my children were taken ill of fevers and colds, and I was in great distress. The youngest child died in a few days, and I had not a *pice* (a small copper coin) to pay for help to get it buried. No one would touch it. So I went about the sad task myself. They indeed said that if I would become a Mohammedan they would bury it for me. I took up the little corpse, wrapped it in a cloth, and took it outside the village. I began to dig a little grave with my own hands, when two men came up and asked why I was crying so. I told them; and they kindly helped me to dig a grave, and then they left. I then took up the little corpse, and, looking up to heaven, I said,—

"'O Lord, thou hast been pleased to call to thyself this little child, and I have been able to bring his little body to be buried. But, O Lord, if thou shouldst call one of the *big* ones, how can I bring it? Have mercy upon me, O Lord, and permit me to meet with some of thy dear people again; and if not, O Father, take to thyself the mother with the children.'

"Now I was anxious to get into the city, and sent a message by a native Christian, Heera Lall, who knew us well. I at last found him, and got into Delhi, where I was kindly treated. I got Heera Lall to write to Agra, in hopes that some of our missionaries might be alive; and when you wrote back I cried for joy, and thanked God; for I now knew that what my dear husband said would be fulfilled,—that, if our missionaries should be spared, I and the children would have friends.

"Of the Rev. Mr. Mackay, and Mrs. Thompson and family, I have to say that before I left Delhi I went to Mrs. Thompson's house, where I saw a sight which horrified

me,—Mrs. Thompson and one daughter lying dead on a bed, grasping each other, and the other on the floor by the side of the bed. The heads were quite severed from the trunks! Of Mr. Mackay I heard that he, with several other gentlemen, was killed in Colonel Skinner's house, after a resistance of three or four days. The king ordered the people to dig up the floor of the cellar where they had taken shelter, and to kill them."

Who can peruse this noble record and not rejoice in the proof it affords that the gospel retains all its pristine power to animate with a dauntless courage the hearts into which it is received? Walayat Ali "being dead yet speaketh;" and, while his voice attests the divine virtue of true Christianity, it should be a special study of all who profess the Christian faith. What a lesson does he teach on the value of prayer in times of overwhelming danger, when he says to those around him who are urging him to fly, "This is no time to flee, except to God in prayer!" And what models of

earnest prayer are given by the native convert and his noble wife in their brief, comprehensive, and earnest supplications! The martyr thinks of the "cloud of witnesses," and prays that he and his may have help to suffer with firmness and not to faint in the day of trial; while the confessor, in her bereavement, speaks to God in prayer, and tells him of her sorrows, as one knowing that he heard and pitied her. How great the composure and peace of the good man, when he gently rebukes the weak faith of his weeping wife!—"I thought your faith was stronger than mine." And when he spake of his decease, and directed his friends to be "wise as serpents," but, come what would, not to deny Christ.

This faithful martyr displays true Christian heroism, (a truer heroism where do we find?) when, threatened with instant death from the loaded muskets pointed at his breast, and promised life if he will only repeat the Mohammedan creed, he nobly replies, to the question "Who are you?" "I was at one time blind, but now I see. . . . I

am a Christian, and am resolved to live and die a Christian."

Here we witness the holy faith of Stephen, the protomartyr, when, amidst like sufferings, the crowd gathers around Walayat Ali, and they are dragging him on the ground, beating him on the head and face with their shoes, and taunting him with preaching Christ, and, like the Saviour's own persecutors, calling on him to prophesy to them, he rejects another proposal to save his life by repeating the Kulma, by saying, "No, I never will: my Saviour took up his cross and went to God; I take up my life, as a cross, and will follow him to heaven."

Mark also the calm self-possession with which the dying man, alone amidst his enemies, charges his persecutors with being the true children of Mohammed, who went about converting with his sword and obtained his proselytes through fear. "Your swords have no terror for me." Is that not a sublime courage with which he says, "Let it fall, and I fall a martyr for Christ"? Who can deny to him the place of a martyr, as he claims it? Just

before the blow fell which nearly severed his head from his body, he might have lived if he would have recanted. The Mussulmans labored to induce him to return to the faith of his fathers; but they toiled in vain to shake the faith of this true believer, who stood on the Rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. His last words were those of the great leader in the noble procession into which he fell:—"O Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Not less heroic is the constancy with which his wife maintained her faith. Widowed and beggared, with her children crying to her for food and dying by her side, surrounded by remorseless foes, she forsook not the gospel of her Saviour nor wavered in her confession of his name.

CHAPTER IV.

Outbreak at Meeroot—Account by Mr. Medland—The Catechist Joseph—His Danger and Constancy—Its Application to ourselves—The Character of Joseph—Amritsar—The Narrative of Jhuma and Hera, two native Christians—The Sikh Daoud.

"WHILE I was performing service in our mission chapel on Sunday evening," says the Rev. A. Medland, Church missionary at Meeroot, "I heard a great noise, shouting, and yelling, accompanied by occasional firing of musketry. At the conclusion of the prayers I inquired the cause, and was informed that the Sepoys were fighting in their own lines. Apprehending no danger, as the lines were at some distance, I commenced my sermon, but had not proceeded far when a man rushed in and informed me that the Sepoys were advancing upon us and murdering all the Europeans they could

lay hands on. Mr. Parsons, our catechist, quickly followed, and confirmed his statement, when I at once dismissed the congregation, and, at his suggestion, drove off in a direction opposite to my house. By this time huge masses of smoke were ascending in various directions; and shortly after, we passed the European troops marching to the scene of disturbance. Being assured that the danger was imminent, we proceeded to seek shelter in the house of a friend. Ere we could enter his compound, we heard a savage yell behind us, and immediately an empty buggy passed. The owner, we have since heard, was murdered on the spot, and a gentleman who accompanied him very dangerously wounded. We, however, were mercifully permitted to enter our friend's house in safety, where we remained until escorted by some officers to a place of greater security. The night was passed in a state of fearful anxiety and suspense, whilst the illuminated sky and the distant firing proclaimed that the work of destruction and carnage was proceeding. Towards morning

the firing ceased,—when we were horrified by the various accounts which were brought in.

"On Monday my servants came, and informed me that a large crowd of natives from the city—probably a thousand—came to my house on the preceding evening, inquiring for Mrs. Medland and myself, and threatening to cut us in pieces. Learning, however, that we were not there, they instituted a diligent search; but, failing in their object, they set fire to the house and adjoining premises. The whole of our property was either burned or stolen, and, with the exception of a few articles of wearing-apparel which have since been thrown back, we have nothing left save the clothes we have on.

"The mob next inquired for Joseph, my catechist, (native assistant.) He, however, was at church, and accompanied me when I fled as far as he could keep pace with my horse. I then directed him to follow on as best he could; but, mistaking my directions, he proceeded by a circuitous route to my house in the city. He was recognised, beaten, and left for dead. However, he re-

vived, ran away, hid himself, and a day or two after, having carefully disguised himself, returned to me. I have since learned that a mob approached the mission premises; but learning from the chowkedar that Mr. Lamb's house was empty, and he on the hills, they departed without doing any damage. I have not yet been able to venture into the city to ascertain if any of my property remain: it would probably be at the risk of my life to do so; but I gather from my servants that the dwelling-house, school-room, and a small bungalow used as a girl's school-room, have all been destroyed."

The "Catechist Joseph" has won a noble name by his faithful constancy to Christ. In a letter to Mr. Medland he gives a history of the trial to which his faith was put, and his willingness to lose all rather than deny his Saviour. His letter will most fitly tell the story.

"REVEREND SIR:—It had been much better if I went with you, because, as I was

going through the Lal Kútu Bazaar, I saw that the Sepoys were firing at the Begum's bridge: therefore I turned to the left, and ran away very fast. In the way I met with two villagers, who were coming from a certain village. They said, 'Don't go to the city, but let us go to Abdullepur.' I said, 'No, I will go to the city.' When I came to the little village which is near the Shapeer Darwázá, (gate,) although I had disguised myself, yet people recognised me; and one of them said, 'Oh, he is a Christian; kill him.' *I could not deny the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was the very moment of my death.* I said, 'I am a Christian;' but don't beat me or kill me.' One of them gave me a very severe blow with his láthee, (a thick stick or kind of club.) After this they ran towards me and began to beat me. I don't know how many there were who beat me; and when they had perfectly killed me, as they thought, they went away. When I received the last and severe blow, which I thought would be fatal, I fell upon my knees, and prayed, 'O Lord Jesus Christ, receive

my spirit: I commit it into thy hands.' For some time I remained half dead; and, after a little while, I heard a voice of a man, who said, 'Throw the dead man away;' but no person came to me. When I came to myself, I got up and ran away. They ran after me again, saying, 'He is still living; kill him!' They could not catch me. I did not know what to do, nor where to go. At last I went to Deghee Village. When I reached there, people recognised me, (we had preached there a week or ten days previously,) and ran after me; but I went out of their reach. After this I went to the jungle, and concealed myself under bushes, where I remained all night. Very early in the morning I got up, and came in the city, where I saw that the kathee (my house) and bungalow were burned to ashes. I said, 'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: his name be blessed.'

"I did not find any of the servants there save Kullu Sing, (a teacher in the school.) He took me to his house; but his father did

not like to let me stay there: therefore I sent for Mahesperhad, (a school-boy.) As soon as he heard of me he came, and took me to his house, and gave me every satisfaction. Please tell Mariann (his wife) that now I am better she should not be troubled, but rather pray.

"I remain, sir,

"Yours most obediently,

"JOSEPH."

Great indeed must have been the confidence and firm the hope of this Christian Hindoo to have enabled him, among a crowd of Sepoys, thirsting for his blood, crying, "He is a Christian; kill him!" to say, "I am a Christian." "*I could not,*" says he, "*deny the Lord Jesus Christ, although it was the very moment of my death.*" What a glorious confession from the mouth of a converted pagan, and what an example for the Christians of our own land!

Let these words be marked by the timid young convert who, if she confesses Christ in the family and desires to follow him, will

have to take up the cross amidst foes in the house. Let them be heard by the young man in the warehouse and the counting-house, who must run the gauntlet under the heavy blows of ribald scoffers, but whose blows are lighter than those that Joseph received from the fists and clubs of his persecutors. And let them be heard by the youth at school, when he has to kneel down by the side of his little bed in the large dormitory, no longer at his mother's knee, to hear the titters and jeers of young scoffers who have never been taught to pray, or have already trampled parental counsel beneath their feet. "Stand up for Jesus!" was the motto of a beloved minister whose untimely end plunged the churches of America into mourning; and even while the words were falling from his lips, one, "plucked from the burning," in India, was re-echoing the words and upholding thereby his deeds.

Mr. Medland thus testifies to the character of this remarkable Hindoo, and explains some portions of Joseph's letter:—

"Discovering that he was unable to keep pace with my horse, I directed him to follow as he best could in an opposite direction to the scene of disturbance. Mistaking my direction, I suppose, he shortly after endeavored to return to the city, and unfortunately met with the sad treatment he has himself described. His exclamation, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away,' was made under very peculiar and trying circumstances. He then discovered, for the first time, that the whole of his little property, amounting to between four hundred and five hundred rupees, had been destroyed, and was in ignorance of the fate of his wife and father. The young man who sheltered him so nobly was a Brahmin youth of our first class. I had always considered Joseph as a promising young man and a sincere and consistent Christian. This trial of his faith has greatly confirmed my opinion of him."

It was not many days after these events at Meeroot that other converted natives at Amritsar, in the Punjaub, were called upon

to give proofs of their faith. The following narrative of Jhumah and Hera is rendered more interesting by the fact that the time chosen by them for the profession of Christianity was in the very midst of the mutiny, and while life and property were liable to be sacrificed to the fury of their countrymen.

THE NARRATIVE OF JHUMAH AND HERA.

"Amristar was the scene of a noble avowal of Christianity on the part of two native converts, soon after the outbreak of the mutiny, and during the troubles that ensued. The 35th regiment of Native Infantry, being suspected of disloyalty, was disarmed and sent to Amritsar, where it remained for some months under the guns of the fort. The armorer of that regiment, whose name was Jhumah, and his wife Hera, were both disciples of Christ, the man having received the gospel four years previously, through the reading of the New Testament by his wife, who had first found the Scriptures able to make her wise unto salvation. His wife lost her parents when she was

about twelve years of age, when she was sold for a trifle, by the woman who had taken charge of her after her parents' death, to a European gentleman, an officer either of the Queen's or East India Company's Service. In his home she remained twenty-seven years, at the expiration of which time he returned to England. Previously, however, to leaving India, he settled on Hera twenty rupees per month for her life. While residing with him she was taught to read Hindoo and Persian, though the word of God was never, during this period, put into her hands. Before this captain left India, and during one of his absences in the hills, Hera (who remained in his house at Agra) saw a man come to the compound and ask a female servant for some water. The servant told him to come to the house and she would give him some. He did so, and, after drinking the water, he entered into conversation with Hera and her servant. After she had left, she observed that he had left behind him *a book*. She says the man was a book-distributor, *i.e.* probably, a colpor-

teur. She put the book aside, and, seeing him pass by another day, she had him called, and told him he had left one of his books at her house. He said, 'Never mind: let it remain.' Still, she expected that he would call for it at some future time; but, finding he did not, she put it away in her box with her clothes.

"When the captain returned from the hills, Hera showed him the book, and told him she understood it was one of our Christian books, and she should like to read it, but, as every native does, she first wanted her master's order to do so. He told her he would not forbid her doing so, *but she must not ask him any more about it. She saw he did not wish her to read it, and therefore she did not.** In her box the book remained for twelve years without her once opening it. One day, on going to the box, the book attracted her notice, and she

* These are the men whose example in India has done more to disgrace Christianity than all the efforts of the heathens themselves.

thought she would take it out and see what kind of a book it was. Her heart at this time, she says, was sorrowful. She read a little, and liked what she read. She continued to read till she had read it entirely through. This book was no other than the New Testament. This was nine years ago. She says that, having read through the whole once, she began it again; but this time she read only a small portion, and thought over it for a long time, when a little light broke in upon her mind, and she began to pray that God would make her to understand what she read. In this way she went on reading and praying for three years and a half, when, to use her own expressive words, 'her faith became strong and firm.' Soon after this the regiment (the 35th Native Infantry) to which her husband belonged was ordered to Lucknow. After the captain's departure for England, she was married to Jhumah, the armorer of the regiment. While in Lucknow, she experienced a great deal of annoyance and persecution, as well from her husband as

from others; but she told her husband that she would give up every thing in the world if she were obliged, but she would never give up her book, or the reading of it.

"Finding she was not to be moved from her purpose, they desisted from their endeavors to persuade her, and she had peace from without as well as peace within. At length she gained more courage, and read her book in a voice so loud from behind the *punda* (the curtain separating a tent) that she could be heard by those who were on the other side. Thus her husband, and other Sepoys who may have come to his tent, heard the word of God read. It fastened upon her husband's mind, and he told her he should like to hear more of that book. She then began to read to him of an evening, while he was eating his food. And here one cannot but feel and remark what a contrast she was to many Christians who have enjoyed the privileges of religion all their lives. She not only read to her husband, but she never omitted, night and morning, praying for him, that God would

bless his word and turn the heart of her husband to himself. She was also in the habit of talking to her husband of what they thus read together, and used to ask him if he did not believe that all that was written in the book was true. He told her he would not yet say he believed. 'Well, then,' she replied, 'when you do, tell me.' She continued to pray for him; and at length God showed her that her prayer had been heard and answered. One day her husband came to her and said, 'Now, I believe, my faith is being strengthened.' It is now nearly four years ago that he thus professed his faith in Christ; and at that time the regiment was at Sealcote, in the Punjaub, where it remained till May, 1857, when the disturbance in India commenced. It was then chosen to form a part of the movable column of the Punjaub, but afterwards, its loyalty being suspected, it was disarmed and detached from the column, and eventually sent to Amritsar, where it remained for some months under the guns of the fort. It was during this time that Jhumah went to the

colonel of the regiment and told him that he wished to become a Christian. The colonel asked him what made him entertain such a desire, and if the thought that he should benefit himself in worldly matters at all influenced him. He replied, 'No: I wish it because I have learned that I am a sinner, and my only hope of salvation is in Jesus Christ.' The colonel then gave him a note, and sent him to the missionary, who, after questioning him as to his wishes and motives, told him to come himself, and bring his wife also, for regular instruction. They went regularly once or twice a week: the man daily went either to the missionary at the city school, or to the native preacher. Hera went to the wife of the missionary. The first time she came she showed her New Testament, with the Old Testament also, which had since been given her. 'These,' she said, 'were her treasures, her wealth,—more and dearer to her than all her worldly goods.' As a proof of her sincerity, it may be stated that when the regiment was ordered to join the movable column, she left

behind her at Sealcote the best of her clothes, &c., taking with her only the clothes she had on and her Bible, or, to use her own words, 'her wealth.' All her property, clothes, jewels, and tools belonging to her husband, of the value of about five hundred rupees, was subsequently lost in the mutiny at Sealcote.

"After some weeks, circumstances required that the regiment should be sent a few miles away from Amritsar, and its destination was quite uncertain. On this account the couple became very anxious to be speedily baptized, and one day Hera, with tears in her eyes, begged an English friend to intercede for them that they might soon receive baptism. 'Otherwise,' she said, 'they feared the regiment would be moved before they had come into their hands,'—meaning before they had been admitted into the visible church as Christians,—and that this would be a great grief to them. A few days before that which had been fixed upon for their baptism, she went as usual to the mission-house.

"When the wife of the missionary said to her, 'You are soon now to be baptized, and perhaps afterwards the men and women of your regiment will annoy and persecute you and ridicule you, and say you are gone mad by becoming a Christian. Do you think you will be able to bear their ridicule and annoyance? or will you be afraid of them, and be ashamed of being taunted with being a Christian?' She looked at her steadfastly for a few moments, and then said, with great earnestness, 'WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF THEM, OR WHY SHOULD I BE ASHAMED? SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF MAN, WHO CAN ONLY KILL THE BODY? NO: I WOULD RATHER FEAR GOD, WHO CAN NOT ONLY KILL MY BODY, BUT CAN AFTERWARDS CAST MY SOUL INTO HELL! AND OF WHAT SHOULD I BE ASHAMED? NOT OF JESUS CHRIST; FOR IS HE NOT MY ONLY SAVIOUR FROM SIN AND ITS PUNISHMENT? NO. I WILL NEVER BE ASHAMED OF CHRIST.' On Friday, the 27th of November last, they were baptized by the names of Abraham and Sarah. Their behavior was strikingly serious, and they

made their responses with much earnestness of manner. Since then, they have been very regular in their attendance at public worship, though, as Hera was able only to walk a very short distance, and their camp was fully two miles off, and the church another mile farther, every time she went to church she had to pay eight annas for a conveyance. They manifested a great desire to partake of the Lord's Supper; and, after some further instruction and examination, they were admitted to that sacrament on the first Sunday in the new year. Hera continued to come to visit the lady of the missionary till the 12th of January, when she left Amritsar for Kangra. The last time this lady saw her, she said she wished to tell her something that was on her mind,—that during the insurrection, and while an army was before Delhi, she constantly prayed that God would preserve the dominion of the English in this country, and that she then made a vow of an offering to God should her prayers be heard; that as yet she had not been able to fulfil her word, but that she would

do so as soon as she had the ability, and she wished to know in what way she should devote her offering to God's service."

This brief but valuable narrative illustrates the power of the written word, even when not supplemented by the living voice, and is a new instance of the truth of the divine promise, "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isa. lv. 10, 11.

This will also be prized by every Christian heart not only for the martyr-spirit which Hera exhibited, but for the wonderful manner in which both she and her husband were brought to the Saviour.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform!"

Truly "His ways are past finding out." Who would have expected that from the forgotten book of the wayside traveller, long hidden in the trunk of this poor Hera, laughed at or at least neglected by the captain, should, after twelve years, spring forth the seed of the gospel, which, taking root in the heart of herself and her husband, should produce such glorious fruits? What more noble avowal could have fallen from the lips of the most favored Christian, than this?—"WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF THEM, OR WHY SHOULD I BE ASHAMED? SHOULD I BE AFRAID OF MAN, WHO CAN ONLY KILL THE BODY? NO: I WOULD RATHER FEAR GOD, WHO CAN NOT ONLY KILL MY BODY, BUT CAN AFTERWARDS CAST MY SOUL INTO HELL. AND OF WHAT SHOULD I BE ASHAMED? NOT OF JESUS CHRIST; FOR IS HE NOT MY ONLY SAVIOUR FROM SIN AND ITS PUNISHMENT? NO. I WILL NEVER BE ASHAMED OF CHRIST." And what a pointed question is that of the Indian slave!—"Why should I be ashamed?" This is the spirit of a true Christianity,—the spirit which leads us to undergo pain,

torture, losses, death, rather than feel ashamed of Christ.

Jhumah and Hera were not the only ones at Amritsar who deserve a place among the records of Christian constancy in India.

THE SIKH DAOUD.

The Christian Sikh, Daoud, had been a few years previously ordained by Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, as the native pastor over a small congregation of native Christians at Amritsar, where he was making full proof of his ministry. On the 14th and the 15th of May, the Europeans and native Christians in Amritsar were in a state of the greatest alarm. The Rev. A. Strawbridge thus describes their perilous condition:—

"There was only one native regiment, and that, for the present, remained peaceable and quiet. There were, however, guards placed at every house, and application was forwarded to Sealcote for more European troops to man the fort at Govindghur. The city also remained apparently quiet; how long it might continue so no one

could say. The missionaries accordingly received intimation from the authorities to hold themselves and their families in readiness, at a moment's notice, to flee to the fort. The native newspapers at this time openly asserted that within the short period of three days British rule would cease in India.

"On the night of the 14th, a report reached Amritsar that the three disarmed regiments at Lahore had rebelled, and threatened to march upon Ferozepur: their real destination was concluded to be Amritsar. They were, however, overawed by the decisive conduct of the authorities. The artillery was brought out and prepared for action, and they were warned that if they attempted to leave their cantonment they would immediately be fired upon. The civil authorities, sustaining the action of the military officers, hastened to raise the country; and all the Sikh Sirdars promised help.

"On the receipt of the intelligence that the disarmed regiments were threatening open rebellion, the European ladies in the

civil lines were collected to pass the night at the mission-house, so as to be in readiness to enter the fort should occasion call for it, the military authorities having first cleared it of all native troops and intrusted it to the safe keeping of European artillery. The next day the fort was victualled for a month, in case it should become a refuge.

"On the next night, tidings reached Amritsar of the sanguinary collision at Ferozepur; and, as this was marked out as the fatal night, the ladies, at their own request, were introduced into the fort. The night, however, passed over peaceably."

And now we see shining from the midst of this darkness the vigorous faith of this native pastor. The people of the city had begun to persecute this little flock, committed to the care of Daoud, and, exulting over their perils, to assure them that their days were numbered. The faithful shepherd went to the fort to inform his friends of the dangers by which he and his people were surrounded, when he was urged to move into the fort for safety. To this invi-

tation he gave the brave reply that he would rather die in his house than flee.

When urged to give his reason for exposing his life to destruction when offered the means of safety, he replied that he preached daily in the city, and exhorted the people not to fear those that can kill the body and after that have no more that they can do, but to fear Him that hath power to cast soul and body into hell. He added that, if he should now leave, his conduct would be opposed to his teaching, and consequently his preaching would be without effect. Our own missionaries add that they felt much strengthened by the words of this native pastor, who thus sent back to them a large reward for the care taken to instruct him in the faith of Christ. It was refreshing to their exhausted spirits, in the time of threatening destruction, to hear from this Sikh pastor that the gospel he had learned, and was then teaching, had inspired him with a holy courage to face death in the horrid form in which it threatened to advance.

Daoud was, however, mercifully shielded from the sufferings he was willing to endure in the service of his Master. He found that he that loseth his life for Christ's sake shall find it. Although, after the outbreak, the rebels in the city turned out and damaged every house, they spared all the residences of the missionaries, which they found to be defended by men from the neighboring villages who had been visited by the missionaries and who came forward in this manner to show their respect and gratitude. Daoud has, it may be hoped, been spared for usefulness as a faithful under-shepherd for many years before he shall be called to receive the crown of life from the chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

Six months later, this good man received a special mercy at the Lord's hands, in the conversion of his aged father to the faith of the gospel.

CHAPTER V.

The American Martyrs of Futteghur—Description of the Mission by Mr. Walsh—Devastations by the Mutineers—First Alarms—Threats of the Natives—The Spirit of the Martyrs—Mahishanpoor Massacre—Departure for Cawnpore—Terrors by the way—Capture by the Sepoys—Death.

FUTTEGHUR is a name which, while it brings tears of sympathy to every American eye, will awaken an emotion of joy in every Christian heart. For here, at one of the most prosperous and well-managed missions in India, nobly perished some of our own countrymen and countrywomen, in the very midst of the work; while not one of them faltered in the presence of their dreadful fate. Sad is it to recount the tale of their martyrdom; but its horrors are forgotten and eclipsed in the glory of their death. As long as the mission cause exists

on earth, and the roll of "THE NOBLE ARMY OF THE MARTYRS" in heaven, the names of FREEMAN, CAMPBELL, JOHNSON, and MCMULLEN, and of their beloved wives and children, will live in the hearts and cheer the faith of Christian missionaries, and shine with peculiar brightness in the sacred record of heaven.

Futteghur was a military settlement on the Ganges, one hundred and eighty-four miles southeast of Delhi. It had been the seat, also, of a very successful mission. "From the organization of our church in 1841," says the REV. J. JOHNSTON WALSH, (whose affecting "Memorial of the Martyred Missionaries" should be read by all who are interested in Christ's kingdom,) "to June, 1857, it increased gradually, year by year, until the number reached over one hundred. Many of these, however, were dismissed, to form or to help weak churches in other places: so that we have never had more than eighty native members at one time in connection with us. We have not been without our revivals in the church at Futteghur.

In 1849, a special work of grace was manifested, which resulted in the accession of twenty-eight persons to the privileges of the church."

A beautiful church had been erected, a Hindoo prince (the Maha-Rajah Dhuleep Singh) contributing two hundred and fifty dollars to it. There was also an orphan-asylum, in which the children were taught weaving and tent-making; while in the various schools were nearly five hundred scholars.

In 1857, the Rev. Joseph Mullens, of Calcutta, visited this Christian oasis in the vast heathen desert. "I received," says he, "a most hearty welcome from the brethren. During our brief stay they showed us every department of their most useful mission. We saw their plain, substantial dwelling-houses; the large boarding-schools for boys and girls; the long lines of houses in the neat Christian village; the extensive weaving-establishment; the tent-factory; the handsome church; the English and native schools; and the native chapels, close by the city gate."

What a change was wrought on this happy scene within a few short months! "They are all gone now,—plundered, broken, and burned. Sir Colin Campbell, in January last, planted his camp upon the mission-premises, and found those pleasant homes where prayer had been offered, wise counsels followed, and plans adopted for the conversion of the heathen, with their blackened walls fit only to be the stables of the English Lancers!"

Mr. Fullerton, visiting the place after the mutiny had been quelled, says, "I went to the little church in which our first annual meeting was held during my last visit to this station, and where only two short years ago I spent one of the most delightful communion-Sabbaths it has ever been my lot to enjoy. But where are my fellow-communicants, who sat down with me then at the table of the Lord? The Freemans, the Campbells, the Johnsons, and our other missionary brethren? The young convert who that day renounced the religion of the false prophet and with tears of penitence cast in his lot with the people of

God? Poor Babar Khan, who wept for joy over a brother who was lost and found? and poor Dhonkal? The large number of native brethren who partook with us of the feast which was spread for us?

> "'All are scatter'd now and fled,
> Some are living—some are dead;
> And when, I ask, with throbs of pain,
> When shall all these meet again?'—

The roofless building and the blackened walls reply, *Never*, until we eat bread in our Father's house above."

When the news of the dreadful acts of the mutineers reached the Christian band at Futteghur, and gradually the wave of massacre seemed rolling on to their own dwellings, deep pain and bitter anguish fell upon them. Says Mr. Walsh, "They met and prayed; they sought to devise means of escape, and counselled together as to what appeared to be the best plan. But, not relying on these, they daily and hourly importuned God for wisdom and direction. As we attempt to recall their feelings and

thoughts, as expressed in their letters, our hearts are filled with sorrow. Rumor after rumor was borne to them of the approach of the revolted troops that were carrying fire and blood through Northern India. The suspense was terrible. They knew not at what moment they might be murdered. Day after day they had to realize death, and that, too, in a most cruel and bloody form. Night after night they were kept in this state of alarm. The Mussulmans gnashed their teeth at them, saying, 'Where is your Jesus now? We will shortly show what will become of infidel dogs.'"

Only those who heard this can appreciate the horror and sadness it caused to the hearts of those who had gone thither to carry to these men the glad news of salvation by Jesus. They would not and could not leave the native Christians unless forced to do it. Though danger threatened the natives less than foreigners, yet how could they part from those over whom God had placed them as overseers? How touching and heroic is their behavior viewed in this

light! To fight and die amid loyal friends and followers is a small thing, compared with the fortitude shown in lying down night after night with mutinous and murderous men, ready and anxious to dye their hands in the blood of Christians. It has been thought a proof of high courage to advance against hostile batteries; but how much more heroic to stand alone amid yelling and blood-thirsty enemies, rather than desert one's post! "They have their reward!" Through all these distressing experiences, with the doom of a horrible death hanging over them, they never lost their confidence in the Saviour nor repined at the will of God. "What is to become of us and the Lord's work in this land," wrote Mr. McMullen, in the midst of the excitement, "we cannot tell; *but He reigneth; and in him we will rejoice!*"

"Although," wrote Mrs. Johnson,—and let her golden words be perpetuated through all time,—"ALTHOUGH WE MAY BE CALLED UPON TO PART WITH LIFE FOR CHRIST AND HIS CAUSE, MAY WE NOT GLORIFY GOD MORE BY

OUR DEATHS THAN BY OUR LIVES? Each day we look upon as our last upon earth; but, oh, how delightful are our seasons of prayer together, imploring the care and protection of God, who alone can save us!" "We have no place to flee for shelter," wrote Mrs. Freeman, "but under the covert of his wings; and there we are safe. Not but that he may suffer our bodies to be slain; and if he does, we know he has wise reasons for it. *I sometimes think our deaths would do more good than we would do in all our lives. If so, his will be done.* SHOULD I BE CALLED TO LAY DOWN MY LIFE, DO NOT GRIEVE THAT I CAME HERE; FOR MOST JOYFULLY WILL I DIE FOR HIM WHO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR ME."

How beautifully does the brave old martyr-spirit shine forth in these two weak and trusting women, who could resignedly and even joyfully pen such professions of faith when surrounded by dangers so imminent and horrible!

"There were no European troops at Futteghur, and only one native regiment, which

was considered more staunch than other native regiments from the fact that it had served in Burmah and distinguished itself for its fidelity in the late war. The alarm felt was from the large bodies of mutineers either from Delhi, Bareilly, or Oude, who it was rumored were near and might attack them at any moment. They kept a constant watch, patrolled their bungalows every night, and kept their horses harnessed and ready for flight. On the 3d of June, information was received at Futteghur that the troops at Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, only forty miles distant, had mutinied, and that a body of the Oude mutineers, consisting of an infantry and cavalry corps, were marching into the station. This caused great consternation.

"At Shahjehanpore the massacre took place on the Sabbath evening, during divine service. The Rev. J. McCallum, the missionary, and the whole congregation, with the exception of one who escaped to tell their fate, were ruthlessly slain. Having held a consultation on the night of the 3d

of June, the Europeans and others at Futteghur agreed that it was absolutely necessary to go to Cawnpore, which lay miles below them and on the Ganges, and, having secured boats, arranged to leave in the morning. Our missionaries and their wives and children went with the party. But these faithful men could not part from their dear converts without returning to strengthen and encourage them. The noble Campbell left the party during the night, went back to the mission-house, and walked for several hours in the garden with the native brethren, exhorting them to keep the faith and sustaining them by his prayers. Ishwuree Dass, a native convert, in his narration of the outbreak at Futteghur, says, "A few minutes before the missionary families left the premises, I had an interview with Messrs. Freeman and Campbell. Mr. Freeman had his eyes full of tears. Mr. Campbell would have rather laid down his life on the spot. He did not seem much inclined to leave the place, and asked me whether they did right in going away. He was

anxious on account of Mrs. Campbell (who was always of delicate health, and at that time more so than usual) and his two little children. For his part, he was ready to be cut to pieces."

The party dropped down the Ganges in boats. Eight miles from Futteghur, at Rawalganj, they found the villagers assembled on the bank, intent on plunder; but, seeing the Europeans too numerous, they did not molest them. A few miles farther on, at Singarampore, a large body of Sepoys and others fired on them, without, however, injuring any one. Again, at Kasampore, they received several volleys from the villagers, wounding one in the thigh. Returning the fire, eight of the villagers were killed; and the boats passed on. On the evening of the 6th of June, fastening their boat to the shore in order to cook a little food, they were surrounded by a large party under one of the Indian zemindars or landholders, and only succeeded in getting off by paying him five hundred dollars. For two days they proceeded towards Cawnpore without stoppage, until on the

8th, the water being very low, they struck on an island five miles from Cawnpore. They were unable to communicate with Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was closely beset in Cawnpore by the demon Nena Sahib, and were consequently confined on the island four days. On the 12th of June, some Sepoys crossed the bridge connecting Oude with Cawnpore, and fired on them, killing a lady, child, and native nurse. The party then deserted the boats and hid themselves in the long rushes which grew on the island.

At length, exhausted from exposure, and feeling that their last day on earth had come, they prayed, sung, and, having exhorted each other, threw their weapons into the river. In a short time a boat-load of Sepoys crossed over, and, making the party prisoners, conveyed them to the Cawnpore side. Here they pleaded their peaceful character to their hard-hearted captors. "Some few were disposed to let them go free; but others said, 'No, take them to Nena Sahib, and let the unclean foreigners be rooted out.'" The latter prevailed. Accordingly,

they commenced binding with a small cord the prisoners two by two, husband and wife, brother and sister. Mr. Campbell, thus tied to his wife, carried in his arms his little boy Willie, and a friend carried his little daughter Fannie. They were now ready for the march. It was almost evening, and they were about to start, when Mr. Maclean, an English gentleman in the company, made a final effort for the release of the party. Knowing the Hindoos' intense love of money, he offered the Sepoys three hundred thousand rupees (one hundred and fifty thousand dollars) to give the party their freedom. But there was no hesitation manifested in the reply made:—"It is *blood* we want,—not money." Thus tied together, they were marched towards Cawnpore, and on nearing the town were met by three carriages sent, with a refinement of barbarity, by Nena Sahib to convey the ladies of the party, who could scarcely walk, to the scene of their death. One short hour they were shut up in a house by themselves, and then were led out on the plain of Cawn-

Massacre of Futteghur fugitives at Cawnpore. p. 107.

pore, close to the mission-house, and all ruthlessly shot. Their death was agonizing, but not long delayed. Peace be to their unburied ashes! May their precious names never be forgotten! May the turf ever be green on the spot stained with their honored blood! May the pearly dew and the refreshing rain fall gently upon the sod! and, while the winds of heaven breathe over it soft and low, may a voice ever rise like incense before the throne of mercy, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

The night of sorrow is gone, and the day of gladness has dawned brightly upon them. The cry of anguish has been turned into songs of exultation. The blood-stained martyr-garments have been exchanged for robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Could the angel who stood by them in the dark hour of death reveal all that transpired at that moment,—the composure with which they laid their dying heads on the Saviour's bosom, the accents of love which he whispered in their ears, the beams

of joy that were shed down upon their troubled spirits from heaven, and the bright visions of heavenly glory that were revealed to them,—it would be more than mortal man could endure. And, now that they are exultant in heaven, counting it their highest honor that they were called to suffer a martyr's death, why should we not wipe away our tears, and rejoice with them that "the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth?"

Such is the affecting memorial of the fate of our countrymen. To their friends the recollection of their sudden and unexpected death must have been cause of bitter agony, though tempered by the recollection that *their* end was mild, compared with that of hundreds of ladies and children,—some of Britain's fairest flowers. To us, while sadness is mingled with admiration at their constant and undaunted spirit, their history presents the brightest exemplars of the beauty of the Christian life, and of the calm, inexpressible grandeur of the Christian death. How finely has the spirit which animated the martyrs at Futteghur been portrayed by a Christian poet!—

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men,
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

"For this let men revile my name:
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach! and welcome, pain
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

"My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord:
Thy will be done, thy name adored!

"Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow or thunders roar:
Thy faithful witness will I be:
'Tis fix'd: I can do all through thee."

CHAPTER VI.

Cawnpore—Treachery of Nena Sahib—Gallant Defence of the Garrison—The "Well of Cawnpore"—Frightful Scenes—Letters of Rose M.

CAWNPORE was a military station of great importance, situated midway between Lucknow and Allahabad. At this place there was a considerable European settlement, consisting of merchants, and civil and military officers of the East India Company.

On the 17th of May, accounts of the disaster at Meeroot reached Sir Hugh Wheeler, who was in command of this post,—a veteran of fifty years' standing, and one of the best officers in the Indian army.

But, though brave as a lion, he had under his charge not only the European residents of the town, but the families of her Majesty's 32d, then at Lucknow; while, to defend them against more than three thousand Sepoys

and the fierce rabble that filled the town, he had only about sixty artillery-men and the officers of the native regiments. Every possible preparation that time would admit of was made. Under all the circumstances, the European barracks and hospital-buildings seemed to be the most eligible places for shelter; and these he immediately occupied, surrounding them with such earthworks and defences as the exigencies of the moment allowed.

Near Cawnpore, at BITHOOR, there dwelt, in great magnificence, one whose perfidy and crimes have made his name execrable now and forever. This wretched man, who, as was before intimated, was a graduate of an Anglo-Indian college and a man of great literary culture and ability, had begun his career of crime by forging the will of a late benefactor and robbing his widow of her inheritance. By his apparent preference for English customs and attainments, and by a splendid hospitality to Europeans, Nena Sahib had worked himself into the good graces of the British civilians and

officers, and, among others, of Mr. Hillersdon, the collector at Cawnpore. He evinced the greatest desire to assist in quelling the rebellion among his countrymen, and, having unfortunately been confided in, agreed to raise fifteen hundred men and at once aid in putting down any rising at Cawnpore.

On the 21st it became evident that the outbreak had commenced. Sir Hugh Wheeler at once took measures for the safety of the Europeans. They were gathered into the barracks. The Sepoys refused to allow the treasure to be removed to a place of safety; and at this moment Nena Sahib disclosed his true intentions. Seizing the treasure, he attacked the barracks.

"Then commenced a defence as distinguished for its heroism and patient endurance as for the hideous catastrophe with which it closed. The attack was directed in person by Nena Sahib. His force—increased hourly by the arrival of mutineers from Allahabad and other sections, and by the accession of all the brigands and armed

rabble of the district—was at least *ten times* that of the brave little garrison. Every building that could from any point command the barracks was crowded with Sepoys, who poured a constant stream of bullets upon the devoted garrison, while the artillery hurled their deadly missiles upon the frail buildings that could not shelter them. Their sufferings were fearful. The sick and wounded—men, women, and children—were crowded together into the smallest possible space; and this, under the burning heat of an Indian summer, became the keenest torture. The wind came like hot air from a furnace. All necessaries were supplied in small rations; and water failed them. The only well was in the intrenchment. No water could be drawn except in the evening after the firing had ceased. That was the solitary opportunity when in darkness they could bury their dead; and the work had to be done in haste. It was a nightly work. No day passed without its deaths. All ages and all classes had one grave,—an old well in one of the intrench-

ments. There the survivors hid hurriedly the body of child or wife. The rugged soldier, and the lady who till then had never known fatigue, had one common burial-place.

"Few escaped from that bloody siege; but there have been preserved diaries and memoranda the most affecting that have ever been written, and letters full of comfort to those who were living in peace, from writers who knew that they were hourly drawing near to torture and death."

From the 13th to the 24th of June the gallant defenders held out,—though their barracks had been burned, and many of their wounded men had perished with them. Their water failed. The solitary well was dry. Half-rations only were served. Soldiers died of their wounds, and ladies from sheer fright and exhaustion. On the 24th the garrison surrendered to Nena Sahib, who took a solemn oath on the water of the Ganges, the goddess Gunga, that he would have them safely conveyed to the river, and thence to Allahabad in boats.

Scarcely had they entered the boats with the women and children, and, with new hopes of life, pushed from the shore, when a masked battery was opened upon them and the Sepoys began a murderous fire. The boatmen deserted them, and the boats, with one exception, drifted to the bank, where the unhappy fugitives were secured. Those men of the party who had not been either drowned or shot were carried back before Nena Sahib. Here they were drawn up to be shot; but before the fatal moment a clergyman begged permission to read prayers. A few moments were allowed them; and then they were shot down by their cruel captors.

The women and children were shut up in one building. We have already seen that on the 12th of June Nena Sahib had butchered the one hundred and thirty-six fugitives from Futteghur. Shortly after his massacre of the brave defenders of Cawnpore, "on hearing," says Havelock, "that the bridge on the Pandoo Nuddee had been forced, he ordered the immediate massacre

of the wives and children of our British soldiers still in his possession; which was carried out by his followers with every concomitant of barbarous malignity."

When the gallant Havelock had stormed Cawnpore, the soldiers were led to the scene of this terrible butchery. "Rarely had men looked upon a more sickening sight. The very blood in some places of the floor went over the soldiers' shoes. Steeped in that blood they found locks of ladies' hair, leaves of religious books, the bonnets and hats of little children and their mothers' combs, in strange confusion." On the wall were inscribed the messages of dying mothers to their countrymen, and the pious prayers and hopes of Christian believers.

Outside the house was the well,* into which the dead had been thrown for burial, and the wounded for death. Their corpses had been heaped together, and were still uncovered!

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* See illustration.

Well at Cawnpore. p. 116.

Among the Futteghur fugitives who were sacrificed by the treachery of Nena Sahib was a family consisting of a gentleman who was a lieutenant in the Bengal Engineers, his pious lady, and their child. About a fortnight before their massacre, this Christian lady wrote to her relatives in England a full record of the dreadful circumstances in which they were placed, when anticipating from their infuriated enemies the horrible death which awaited them. Their letters were originally printed for private circulation; and those who have been permitted to see them, while feeling the deepest sorrow, have at the same time felt the utmost gratitude in the perusal of these satisfactory proofs that the Lord was present with his servants when about to fall under the weapons of their sanguinary foes. They are, indeed, calculated to fulfil the purpose for which they were first issued,—"to soothe and comfort many hearts lacerated by the sore bereavements of this time of trial, or trembling under intense

anxiety," and to "be a lamp to guide many into the way of peace."

Although they were at first intended to meet the eyes of relatives and friends, they have been so highly prized for the evidence they furnish of the power of the divine grace to make the heart triumphant over the fear of death in its most horrid forms, that they ought no longer to be withheld from the public. In deference to the feelings of the afflicted relatives of the writer, her name is withheld; and it is hoped that they will feel some satisfaction in knowing that many will now receive instruction and comfort from the words in which she, "being dead, yet speaketh," and testifies to the power of a living faith in a living Saviour.

The first of these letters is dated—

"FUTTEGHUR, May 16, 1857.

"MY OWN DEAREST PAPA:—You will all, I fear, be in a state of great alarm about us, as you must have seen from the papers what a sad feeling is rising in this part of the

country among our native troops, and the fearful position we are placed in, not knowing how to act or what to do, and greatly fearing a general insurrection.

"The Meeroot dâk (post) was stopped for four days; and the natives have been assassinating all the English they could get hold of, women and children not being spared.

"We hear that Mrs. C. has left Mynpoory in fear and gone to Agra, and that the W.s have come here; though I fear we are not a bit better off, as there are no English troops here either.

"People are in a state of great alarm; and we are perfectly helpless should the natives rise here. I suppose all the ladies would have to go to the fort; but our house is a very long way from it. John has been loading his gun and rifle, as it is not safe to be without them loaded: one's life is not certain for a day. He was going down his road on Monday, but thinks now it will be his duty to stay here, in case of an outbreak, for all hands would be wanted.

"I think John feels much the state of

things, and thinks our Government are to be blamed for giving the natives secular education without religious, which only arms them with power which may be turned against us. But I trust God will pardon us, and not pour his fury upon us for all our forgetfulness of him. Last year, he sent us the pestilence; now, we are trembling lest his sword should be drawn out; but I trust we may be stirred up to call upon God, and be reminded wherein our great strength lies.

"We have been searching out the beautiful Scripture passages in which God has promised deliverance from our enemies, and wisdom to know how to act in cases of danger. How doubly precious are such passages, and with what force do they come at the time of need! None ever called upon the Lord in trouble but they were delivered: so I trust we may turn unto him with deep contrition, and beseech him to glorify his great name and show his power among the heathen.

"We cannot say, 'Pray for us.' Ere

you get this we shall be delivered, one way or another. Should we be cut to pieces, you have, my precious parents, the knowledge that we go to be with Jesus, and can picture us happier and holier than in this distant land: therefore, why should you grieve for us? You know not what may befall us here; but there you know all is joy and peace, and we shall not be lost, but gone before you. And should our lives be spared, I trust we may live more as the children of the Most High, and think less about hedging ourselves in with comforts which may vanish in a moment. Truly, 'this is not your rest,' is more written on every thing in India than elsewhere; but, comforting thought! in heaven we have an enduring substance; and the more, in God's providence, we are led to feel this, the happier we shall be, even below.

"Do not be over-anxious about us, dear relatives and friends. In India we have the same Ruler, the same merciful Keeper, in the Almighty; and you have implored

him to be gracious to us, though you knew not our danger.

"We are quite well, I am thankful to say; but much sickness is about, and this year also promises to be an unhealthy one. I hope you will get this letter. How is it we have heard from no one this mail? I trust no news is good news.

"Mary is quite well again, and cutting her last tooth. We have now really got the hot weather: it has set in late.

"Good-bye, my own dear parents, sisters, and friends. The Lord reigns! He sitteth above the water-flood! We are in the hollow of his hand, and nothing can harm us. The body may become a prey, but the souls that he has redeemed never can.

"With much love,

"Your own devoted child,

"ROSE M."

"FUTTEGHUR, May 21, 1857.

"MY OWN BELOVED FAMILY:—It may be interesting to you to receive a full account of our state of mind during this alarming

time: so I will commence giving you particulars, and hope it may not only arouse your interest and sympathy, but also your thankfulness to Almighty God for giving us strength according to our day and supporting us under such heavy tidings. We certainly have been on the verge of an awful precipice, from which it would have appeared there could be no escape; and, thinking of the few European troops in India in the case of a general insurrection, we could not have stood. Last week we heard there was a bad feeling amongst the troops at Meeroot, on account of the cartridges.

"On Saturday, Dr. Maltby came to lance Mary's gums, and asked if we had heard of the dreadful massacre at Meeroot. Upon our replying, 'No,' he read us an account of the murders there. The news shocked us much; and poor John felt that he could not attend to road-work. He received a letter from Major W. about the roads, but commencing, 'If reports are true, we shall have to fight, instead of attending to road-work.' We could not eat much breakfast, and went

to our room, as is our custom, to read and pray together. John read an appropriate chapter: we then searched for others, and very many comforting ones we found, and then in prayer committed our lives to God. In the middle of the day we received a letter from Colonel S., (commanding the station troops,) saying, if any thing serious, or likely to be serious, occurred, a gun would be fired, so that we might fly to the colonel's pucca-house, and that we were to hold ourselves in readiness to fly any hour of the day or night that we might hear it.

"John then loaded his gun and rifle; and as we knew we could not well hear the gun out here, we thought, if there was any likelihood of danger, we had better go at once into the station, for we knew the L.'s would take us in. We first determined to go over to the missionaries, and see what they thought of doing, as we should not like to leave them all alone, especially as they had no arms. We found they had invited the other two American missionaries to come up and stay with them, as they lived in a soli-

tary road leading into the city. We determined all should come and live in our puccahouse, (as there is danger in a bungalow being set on fire,) or go into the station. Accordingly, all went into the station, to gather what news we could, and then agreed to return and consult together where we should go for the night. The panic was very great; carriages and buggies crowding to the S.'s and P.'s, the natives, seemingly, all on the alert. Guns were entering the colonel's compound, and the whole place seemed in a commotion. The report was that the insurgents—who had murdered nearly every one in Delhi, and got possession of it—were on their way to Futteghur; and we knew that it would be scarcely probable, in case of so large a body coming on us suddenly, that our troops would stand; and, should they join the insurgents, escape would be impossible, we having no European troops here. After returning to the missionaries' house, and having prayed and read together, (a little company of ten,) we determined to go into the station. John and I went home,

took Mary out of bed, got into the double-seated buggy with the Ayah: this was nine o'clock in the evening, and the picket stationed in one of the roads would not at first allow us to pass. We went to the L.'s, who had just gone into their bedroom: they received us most kindly. We told them two missionaries and their wives were coming to them for protection, and would occupy their spare rooms; but we would be very happy if they would allow us to sleep on the floor in Mr. L.'s dressing-room,—which we did, John sleeping with his revolver by his side. We made a bed on two chairs for Mary. In the morning (Sunday) we heard several bad reports: one, that another jail was broken open; that the Meeroot one was, is true,—and many confined therein were murderers. We went to church: very few people were there, and fear seemed written on every face: it was most noticeable: everybody felt that death was staring them in the face, and every countenance was pale. Our church-service and the lessons seemed quite suited to our circumstances; and I am sure all who

were in God's house must have felt comfort in pouring out their hearts together.

"Mr. Fisher preached on the text, 'What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.' After church, we breakfasted; then all the gentlemen at the station met at the magistrate's bungalow, to determine what steps to take on the approach of the enemy. It was agreed, and notices sent round to that effect, that, upon the gun firing twice, every one should rush to the fort, which would be victualled beforehand in case of any thing occurring. There was no evening service, as it was thought dangerous for us to leave our bungalow; but the missionaries staying with us read and prayed with us, and the remainder of the time we sang hymns.

"Sunday evening we got news that the insurgents were all in Delhi,—that they had got possession of the fort, and did not intend leaving it. This news relieved everybody: for my own part, I suppose I felt the reaction, for I felt more sad than I had done before. I felt that I had been so living in the unseen world, and that now I was brought

back to earth again. However, our repose was not to last long.

"*Monday, May* 18.—We got news from Shahjehanpore that some bungalows had been burned, and it was thought perhaps the regiment there might have mutinied: so it was agreed that four of the gentlemen (including John) should go over, armed, to a place called Allyghur, to try and raise troops in the district, and, if necessary, to check the progress of the insurgents.

"*May* 19.—At three o'clock in the morning the party started, and I went into Mrs. L.'s room to console her; for there was no knowing if our husbands' lives might or might not be spared. Mrs. P. had asked us to come and stay with them while John and Mr. L. were away: so we went there.

"*May* 20.—We heard that it was all pretty quiet at Shahjehanpore, and that staying out might only excite suspicion: so they were relieved from their hot situation, (being in a tent,) and ordered to return, which they did that evening.

"*Thursday, May* 21.—Hearing that the

insurgents still held Delhi in their hands, and would not be likely to leave it to come to us, John and I returned to our house.

"*May* 22.—Could not settle to any thing. John received very few public letters, and felt disinclined to attend to roads, &c., and I also felt unsettled. In the evening, went into the station to hear if any news had been received. Walked in the park with Mr. E., who told us that the Agra and Mynpoory dâk was not in. On our way home, called at Mr. P.'s, (magistrate;) found most of the gentlemen at the station there, and noticed sad news written on their countenances. I went in to the ladies, and John stayed outside with the gentlemen. I had to send and hurry John, as there is a guard of Sepoys on the road leading out of the station, to prevent any one coming in at night, and I was afraid we should not be able to get home to our little one. John told me in the buggy that Mr. P. thought all was up with us, as he had news that the 9th, of Allyghur, of whom every one thought so well, had mutinied, and were marching

down upon us. If you look at the map, you will see how near we are to that place. Things looked black, and every one thought so; and we were ordered not to stir out of our bungalows that night unless a gun fired, when we were all to rush to the station. After looking at the map, we began to consider whether escape out of the station would be advisable, as it seemed impossible that we could reach the fort or the colonel's in safety; but we thought we could not be sure of any place, and that it would be worse to be murdered on the roads and one, perhaps, left solitary. Went into our room, and committed ourselves to the Almighty.

"*Saturday, May* 23.—Early in the morning, we met, as we were desired, at Mr. P.'s. The colonel returned from haranguing the troops, who still faithfully promised to stand by us: he said nothing further could be done; that if we should hear for certain that the enemy was coming on us in Futteghur, then something should be done.

"We can now only throw ourselves on

Providence, and beseech him in his mercy to stay the enemy for the glory of his great name; for 'wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?' We have nothing to put our trust in but the Lord; and he will not fail us. Our extremity may be his opportunity. We are quite prepared for the worst, and feel that to depart and be with Christ is far better. The flesh a little revolts from cold-blooded assassination, but God can make it bear up. I can easily fancy how David preferred to fall into the hand of God to that of man.

"There are a good many bad men in the city, ready at any time to rise; and from them our lives and property are not safe. After breakfast, we read and prayed as usual, took a nap, repeated all the comforting texts we could think of, and have since been singing hymns.

"We feel that in the position in which we are placed, with our lives in our hand, (though—happy thought!—they are in God's hand too,) and death pursuing us, this is all we can do, and the only way of keeping

our minds quiet. Truly have we found that promise fulfilled to us,—'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.' Much comfort have we in religion: without it, especially at such a time as this, we should be miserable. At three o'clock that afternoon, we went over to the missionaries, found that the two from the city had again fled to the others, (there were four families of the American Presbyterian missionaries in Futteghur,) and agreed to sleep in the same bungalow, that, if any thing occurred, they might die together or escape together. They wanted us to stay with them, but we thought that the insurgents could not be down upon us so soon from Allyghur. We agreed that if the gun fired it would be useless attempting to escape to the colonel's: so we thought of slipping away out of the station, and going, perhaps, to Chibramhow, to the Moonsif there, who knew Mr. M. and professes to have much interest in John, and asking him to hide us. The missionaries thought of borrowing the native women's chuddahs,

(the sheet they throw over their heads,) and escaping with the native Christians to some zemindar in a near village, who said he would protect them if necessary.

"*June* 1.—A week has passed since writing the above, and one of great suspense: several bad rumors and reports have been afloat, but we have not given much heed to them, not wishing to have our minds disturbed. Every evening we have had tea with the missionaries, and spent the evening in prayer, praise, and reading the Scriptures. I was in hopes before the mail went, to be able to tell you something about the battle at Delhi, on which so much depends: there was a report that it had been retaken, but I believe it is not true.

"The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. C., has shown much wisdom and energy in these trying times, when every one should do their best to put a stop as quickly as possible to such a rising. We can only hope it is not general, and that troops from England will be sent us, and that we shall never again be left to the mercy of native troops. Though

every thing seems quiet here, yet we have had the insurgents very close; and Futteghur is a large city, should the bad people in it be inclined to rise, setting apart the Sepoys; and we have no European regiment here, and the gentry are not, as in other places, making preparations in case of danger, for fear of exciting suspicion and mutiny. But every one seems to think, in case of danger, we should not be safe in the fort, and could not defend it. Each family seems to have planned their own way of escape in case they have to flee for their lives. Some families have taken boats between them, and intend escaping down the river; but we think the only thing would be to hide ourselves in some native hut, or somewhere, until the insurgents have done all the harm they wish in the station; for, although places below are quiet, yet they are in the same uncertainty and suspense as ourselves, and there is no saying how long they will keep so. The dâk (mail) up country is not open, so we do not know how our dear friends are, or how Henry and Charlotte

are. We trust the Punjaub is quiet: it was; but there is no saying how the contagion may have spread. For a few days last week we had some delightful rain, and people began to think the rains were beginning very early; but it all passed off, and we are having it very hot, so that, what with the heat and constant fear, we cannot sleep much at night. The rain seems to have been providentially sent to expedite the marching of our troops. Why they have not arrived at Delhi and commenced and finished their attack, we cannot think, and are sadly afraid that the enemy will slip through their fingers; but we cannot get tidings of them yet.

"How we shall value peace and security, if we can ever feel them again! Some gentlemen say India will never feel secure again; but I trust we may, though I fear our lives will for some time be in danger. All the bad people in the country seem ready to rise, and only waiting for an excuse, and many murderers have been let loose amongst us by the opening of the jail.

Mr. Power is defending Mynpoory nobly, and John's sergeant there is going about trying to keep down the robbers.

"How little do our dear ones in England know what is befalling us here! But they have told us they always pray for us; and the same heavenly Father is watching over us both. The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very *present* help in time of trouble: so we will not fear: and do not *you* fear, dear ones. You may indeed pity those who have no God to go to, and no hope beyond this world; but we have made the Most High our defence, and know that we shall not be greatly moved. He will not suffer the heathen to prevail, though he may appear to do so; but his kingdom shall come, and though we may be removed, he can raise up others. And what does death, or rather what does not death, do for God's children? they go to their reconciled Father in Christ Jesus,—to a land of purity, happiness, and holiness.

"We have not heard of our cousins C. W. and C. R.: the officers in their regiment do not appear to have escaped; but we sincerely

trust they have, as they intended going to the Dhoons for last month's shooting, and were not to return till the 29th.

"I suppose every bungalow at Delhi, Meeroot, and Etah is burned down. I am thankful to say we are all well. Dear Mary, as I told you before, has been dangerously ill; but she is, I am thankful to say, quite well now. I am feeling better just now than I generally do in my state. God's hands are indeed underneath us, supporting our bodies and comforting our souls. I fear I could not do much in the flying way now; but as my day, so shall my strength be; and I do not fear any thing that may come upon us, so that quietness and assurance under a Father's protection and smiles may ever be given us. We try not to let those around us see that we do not feel safe: we drive out, to give confidence to the people, and I always try to wear a smiling face, though one sees strange faces and knots of armed men about.

"I hope, my precious family, you will not alarm yourselves about us; we are in God's

hands, and feel very happy: *indeed we do.* I leave the newspapers to tell you all particular horrors, but I would always cheer you by my letters. It has not been my habit to write our troubles home; and maybe you think that John and I have had none; for why should we distress you with them? We know we have your love and sympathy, but that, before your letters reach us, we may have had deliverance from every fear and trouble; and we have One on whom we cast all our care, and from whom we receive immediate consolation and, in his own time, relief. He has delivered us from troubles past, and will also in present and future difficulties: so, dear parents, brothers, and sisters, leave us in God's hands, fearing no evil: all is well, and all will be well with us: living or dying, we are the Lord's. Let this be your happy assurance: you will either have your children, your brother and sister, living on earth, to praise God for his deliverance, or dwelling in heaven, to praise him for all the riches of his grace.

"I often wish our dear Mary was now in England; but God can take care of her too, or he will save her from troubles to come, by removing her to himself. God bless you, my dear relatives and friends; and may we all meet above!

"I am so thankful that I came out to India to be a comfort to my beloved John, and a companion to one who has so given his heart to the Lord!

"The circumstances and positions in which we have been placed, during our sojourn in India, have made the promises of God's word so sweet, and the consolations of religion so unspeakably great, besides endearing us to one another in a degree and way which a quiet English home might not have done. We shall have been married three years on the 29th of this month. Think of us on that day. With much love from us both,

"Believe me, your ever affectionate one,

"ROSE M."

We add an extract from a letter dated 21st May, to a lady at Chunar, who had

written to beg Mr. and Mrs. M. to join her at the fort, as being a safer place:—

"I think and trust you will be safe in such a good fort as Chunar. Thank you for wishing us to fly to it; but duty would oblige my husband to remain where he is, and we only hope he will be useful; for every military man should hold himself ready to serve his country's cause if called upon; and I would not think of leaving him, as I should be miserable away from him, and would rather die with him than escape and not know how he is faring.

"We must ever remember that the Lord, who ruleth the raging of the people, is our only fort and place of security. It may be of his wisdom ordained that our bodies perish: if so, we would give them up willingly,—for our souls no one can destroy, and they would only be ushered into everlasting glory.

"John and I feel quite composed, for we know that a hair of our heads cannot fall to the ground without his knowledge: we are in his hands for life or death, and only seek that his great name may be glorified."

Well may an eloquent and pious writer, in his comments on these affecting records, say, "We have conveyed but a very imperfect idea of the profound faith, the great composure, the thoughtful tenderness, and the pure love, which look out from every line. We have no idea who the writer was; but this we know, that she has added one more to the long martyr-roll of Christian women, whose calm and saint-like faces have blanched no jot, nor quivered in one nerve, at the sight of torture and the sword, and whose deaths remain a glory and a possession for the whole Church."

Surely we need add nothing to these precious words from the pen of this sainted lady,—words suffused with love to her Saviour and resignation to his will.

The writer, with those whom she loved so dearly, together with the missionaries, fell under the volleys of the blood-thirsty followers of Nena Sahib at Cawnpore, whither they had gone by boat with the English residents of Futteghur.

CHAPTER VII.

The Mission in the Jungle—Gorruckpoor—Indian Blossoms—The Protection of the Government withdrawn—The English Residents leave the Town—Farewell of the Missionary to the Native Christians—Trials of Native Christians—Happy Reunion—Allahabad—Revolt of the Sepoys—Murder of Officers and Europeans—Treatment of Native Christians—Gopee Nauth Nundy—Another Hindoo convert.

In the year 1824, a mission was instituted at Gorruckpoor, in Bengal. Lord William Bentinck, whose name is prominent among the many noble supporters of the missionary work in India, granted to this mission a large tract of unreclaimed forest-land. Here, in the wild jungle, where once the roar of wild beasts and the chattering of monkeys were the only sounds which broke the stern repose, soon rose the modest dwellings of the missionaries from far off-lands, who had come to plant the seed of the word amid these

desert scenes; and from them the Christian song of praise fell on the ear with sweet and hallowed cadence.

The mission was very prosperous, and in the rebellion furnished ample evidences that the word had taken deep root and was flourishing in full vigor in the hearts of the converts. The Rev. Michael Wilkinson, who was connected with the mission at its outset, published in 1844 a little work giving an account of some of these "Indian Blossoms."

One letter out of several addressed to him when leaving for England may not be uninteresting. It evinces deep piety, and anxiety for the progress of the truth among the countrymen of the writer. It is written by a native of Gorruckpoor, and has the figurative luxuriance of an Oriental penman:—

"Holy father, peace be with you!

"You are going to the land of your fathers. May your health be soon restored, and quickly may you come back to us!

"Our earthly paradise is darkened with

the cloud of gloom that hangs over it. The carpet of sin is spread over the face of the earth, and thousands are running over it to the region of eternal woe. Oh, when will the cloud be dispersed, and the carpet of life be spread? In the natural heavens the sun on the horizon is the harbinger of a bright and clear day. As he rises in his strength, the clouds are rent and retire to their watery bed, and the earth is covered with light as with a garment. Beautiful emblem of Jesus, the Sun of Righteousness! whose rising and whose rest will bring on the glorious day when, as Isaiah prophesies, 'the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days.' We have seen that sun on the horizon; but its progress is slow towards its full height. What impedes it? We read in the sacred pages that in the days of King Joshua, God commanded, 'Sun, stand thou still!' And there was a cause; for the Lord fought for Israel. But at whose command stands still the Sun of Righteousness? Was it light sent forth

but to mock us? Are the prayers of the faithful wanting? Is the chariot of the gospel stopped for want of horses and men to draw it? Why shines the sun in its full blaze of brightness on the land whence you came and whither you are going? Oh, you who bask in its blaze, to you it is said, 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come.' It is written, 'No man, having lighted a candle, putteth it under a bushel,' &c. To do so is unwise as well as ungenerous; because the light may go out and you yourselves be left in the dark. These are the thoughts of an aged creature of God, who long walked in darkness, but into whose heart the Day-spring from on high has shone, and daily offers up his fervent cry that that light may increase more and more unto the perfect day, as saith wise King Solomon, and hopes at length to be like the woman in the last revelation of the mystery of God, forever fixed in the sun.

"The salutation of Sheikh Razi-oo-Deen, your own child in Christ Jesus.

"GORRUCKPOOR, 1840."

Gorruckpoor was situated in the heart of the mutinous district; and the Government, finding it impossible to maintain a sufficient force to protect it, sent a circular informing the English residents that protection would cease to be afforded on the 13th of August. The Rev. H. Stern, who was the missionary here, thus writes:—

"I have now the sad duty to inform you that Government and all the English residents have marched out of Gorruckpoor, under the protection of the Goorkah force, and encamped on the other side of the river. At three o'clock P.M. on the 13th inst., English protection ceased to be afforded to any individual in Gorruckpoor, as we were informed by a circular from the authorities. No choice, therefore, was left to me but to pack a few things together and follow the English flag wherever it may be planted. It was a very sad sight, thus in one long procession to leave the station; and I could not help thinking of King David when he, with his nobles, fled from his son Absalom.

"Here we are, then, in camp these two

days, within sight of Gorruckpoor; and, if the report prove true, we are to march on to-morrow. As to the mission, I have made such arrangements as I could under the circumstances. The schools were closed the day before we left; and the whole mission property in Gorruckpoor, together with Basharatpoor, and every thing belonging to that establishment, were made over by me to the rajah of Gopalpoor, one of those rajahs who have hitherto assisted Government in the suppression of disturbances, and to whom the authorities made over the whole station and district. The rajah of Gopalpoor has agreed to protect the mission property, and to afford every assistance and protection to the native Christians residing at Basharatpoor; and I have agreed—of course on my own authority (for there was no time allowed to write to Calcutta)—to make over all the revenue of Basharatpoor for one year to the rajah. As soon as we return, (which I trust may be after a short time,) the rajah will make over the property to me, or my successor. All this is written down on paper,

and a copy, with my signature and Charles Dass's, is in the rajah's hands, and the copy with the rajah's signature and seal is in my hands.

"Since the 13th inst., a guard of twelve men has been stationed at Basharatpoor. There are left there one hundred and sixty-two Christian souls: the rest are partly with me as servants, or have found employment with some gentlemen; and three families proceeded down the river in charge of some property belonging to the judge.

"Yesterday afternoon I visited the village for the last time. The whole number collected in the catechist's house, where I read the 71st Psalm and offered up a prayer. When I departed, the whole number broke out in tears, especially the women and children. It was a most affecting scene, and I had great difficulty myself to remain firm. I hope I may see them all again after a short interval. I have made them over to the Lord, who can move the heart of the rajah to remain faithful to his word, and to protect the Christian flock now in the wil-

derness without a shepherd. I cannot help feeling most sad at leaving these poor Christians behind. I trust I have done to the best of my judgment. Should any evil befall them,—which the Lord forbid!—may it not be laid to my charge!"

These Christian converts were exposed during the two succeeding months to great persecution; but, out of more than one hundred and sixty, the seven whom the missionary mentions in the following account seem to have been the only ones who faltered:—

"During one dacoity, (inroad of armed men,) one of the Christians received a deep sword-cut in his back; others were beaten; the women, who usually ran into the jungle, were abused; and the catechist in charge, Raphael, seems to have been particularly exposed to the fury of the enemy. The maltreatment which he received very much hastened his death, which happened on the 12th of October. A few days after this their best bullocks were seized, and several of the men carried before the chakladar, who kept

them prisoners for two days. On learning that they were Christians, he ordered them to deny their faith and become Mussulmans. One of the chakladar's men then interfered, and said that these Christians had been neither Hindoos nor Mussulmans, but were brought up as orphans in the Christian religion, and would therefore not be received by either of these persuasions.

"Nevertheless, the chakladar insisted on their becoming Mohammedans, and requested them to look out for a maulvi, (Mohammedan priest.) The seven Christians, as they tell me, appeared to consent to this arrangement. Upon this they were allowed to go to their homes. When they got there, they told their brethren what had happened. They then consulted together what to do. They left in small parties, by stealth at night, during several successive days, the first party leaving on the 20th of October. After they had agreed to meet at a place called Shahpoor, to the east of Gorruckpoor, and beyond the boundary of their district, they all took the road through the jungle,

and, after three days' travelling, they all reached Shahpoor in safety, only one party being robbed on the road. The others saved a few clothes; and some even escaped with their carts and a pair of bullocks. Shahpoor not being far from Bettiah, a Roman Catholic establishment, three families went there for protection: the rest intended to go to Benares."

The little flock were happily reunited in three months after their separation.

"The native Christians, no less than myself, were very happy to see each other again after a separation of upwards of three months. Before I came up to them, where they were encamped in a large mango grove, the children came running out to meet me, and to conduct me into the midst of their parents who surrounded me. Every one now commenced to tell his tale of the late trials and privations, in which all took an equal share. We all then had prayers, to thank the good Lord and Shepherd of our souls for thus having preserved us and saved us from many dangers, and for having given us this

first token of mercy in having permitted us thus to meet again. To Him be all praise and glory!"

ALLAHABAD, situated at the confluence of the Jumna with the Ganges, is memorable as well for the terrible and melancholy fate of the European residents, as for the devotion to the truth exhibited by the Hindoo Christians. In one day, after the most sacred assurances of their fidelity, the native Infantry suddenly changed from orderly Sepoys to mutinous demons. After inducing the residents to leave the fort, in which they had taken refuge, and commit themselves into their hands, they despatched several of their officers, and shockingly murdered the trusting Europeans. Some were slowly hacked to pieces: one family, consisting of three generations, was burned to death: in some cases, the nose, ears, lips, fingers, and toes of the victims were chopped off,—the limbs afterwards hacked to pieces! Nothing was left undone that savage fury could suggest. Innocent children did not escape the hands of the murderers, being put to death

in the most cruel manner before the eyes of their mothers. These horrors were mostly perpetrated against the English residents, who were peculiarly hateful to the Mohammedans. But the native Christians did not escape many severe trials of their faith.

Many of the native Christians did not deem it necessary for their safety to enter the fort; and they and their families were apprehended by the authority of the maulvis. Their families were incarcerated and exposed to every insult and privation; while the native Christian ministers and teachers were put into the public stocks, and exposed there for nearly a week, night and day, with scarcely any refreshment; while savage and infuriated fanatics were often brandishing swords over them, and threatening them with the most horrible mutilations unless they forswore their Christian faith and embraced Mohammedanism.

Gopee Nauth Nundy was a convert, and a regularly-ordained missionary to his own countrymen. The eminent Dr. Duff gives us the following account of the persecution

of this faithful and remarkable man, and of others who triumphed in that hour of trial:—

CALCUTTA, Nov. 6, 1857.

It is no longer doubtful that India has now had its first *Protestant native* martyrs, —martyrs, who have laid down their lives for the testimony of Jesus,—martyrs, who have been cruelly put to death by relentless Mohammedans, simply for professing that "only name given under heaven whereby men can be saved." God, in mercy, grant that their blood, as in the days of old, may become the seed of the native Evangelical Church of India!

These bloody butcheries of native Christians by the hands of the followers of the false prophet took place chiefly at Delhi, Bareilly, and Futteghur. Two of those slaughtered at the first of these places were men of high position and influence in society: —one, a sub-assistant surgeon in the service of the East India Company; the other, Professor of Mathematics in the Government

Delhi College. Both had embraced Christianity in their riper years, when occupying the situations which they filled with so much credit to themselves and such entire satisfaction to their employers. The surgeon, about a quarter of a century ago, received his early education in our Calcutta institution, and there imbibed those first principles of Jehovah's holy oracles, which clung to him through all vicissitudes of life, until at last they ripened into mature convictions, which issued in his openly professing the faith of Jesus. A blessed illustration this of the sureness of the promise, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." When at Delhi, about the close of 1849, I had long and earnest interviews with himself and the native mathematical professor: they were then still only inquirers; but shortly afterwards, in my own native land, I was privileged to hear of their baptism. Their career has now been mysteriously cut short,—since, from their social position and influence, much might have been achieved by them in advancing

the cause of Jesus among their benighted countrymen. So would we, in our short-sightedness, be ready to conclude. But God's ways are not as our ways. Out of their death—a blessed exchange to themselves—he may bring forth matter for the advancement of his cause on earth and the promotion of his own glory.

Of some other native Christians, it may be truly said that, though not actually slaughtered, they underwent all the horrors of the fiery trial of a living martyrdom, and came forth from the furnace unscathed. To the case of one of these, Gopee Nauth Nundy, I think it seasonable to draw special attention, as he is one of the earliest converts of our own mission,—having been one of the first set of converts baptized by me, as far back as the close of 1832. He has for some years past been an ordained minister in connection with our missionary brethren of the Old-School American Presbyterian Church. A year or two after his baptism, he had gone to the Northwest, to take charge of a Christian school, main-

tained by pious British officers at Futtehpore, between Allahabad and Cawnpore. Naturally attached to Presbyterianism, he was very properly led to join the American Presbyterian missionaries when they settled in that quarter. To them, especially on their first arrival, he was enabled to render very essential service; and ultimately, finding him in every way worthy, they solemnly ordained him as a minister of the gospel. From his excellent talents, remarkable consistency and integrity of conduct, gentlemen high in the East India Company's Civil Service repeatedly pressed him to accept of honorable situations under them, with a salary double, treble, or even quadruple what he could ever expect to obtain as a native missionary. But, to his credit, it must be stated that he steadfastly resisted all these allurements, preferred being engaged directly in the cause of evangelism, the cause of the gospel of Christ, at any salary, however low, to being engaged in the cause of Cæsar, however honorable, or at any salary, however high. At a time when so tre-

mendous a cry has been raised about the heathen natives of India, because of the atrocities committed by them, it is proper to fasten on a case of this kind, to show what a transmutation the gospel can effect in their character, and thus to point to the real and only true remedy of poor India's manifold evils and wrongs.

After laboring very successfully with the American missionaries at Futteghur, which lies between Cawnpore and Bareilly, he returned, some years ago, to his old station of Futtehpore. There he labored *alone*. Futtehpore being a civil station, he ministered to the British as well as to the natives; and to the right-minded of the former his services were always most acceptable. By his untiring energy and indefatigable industry he succeeded, chiefly through the contributions of British residents, in building mission-houses, rearing chapels, and planting schools. And what is better, through God's blessing on his faithful, prayerful labors, a native church, numbering several scores, inclusive of men,

women, and children, was gathered by him and carefully nurtured. His work attracted so much attention that, about two years ago, the late Hon. W. Colvin, governor of Agra, visited him, inspected his schools, &c., and expressed the highest satisfaction with all he saw and learned.

In May last, after the terrible massacres at Meeroot and Delhi, alarm and panic spread, with electric rapidity, northward to the awful defiles of the Khyber Pass in Affghanistan, and southward to the Bay of Bengal. On the 24th of that month, the horizon looked so threatening that the magistrate of Futtehpore advised all European ladies and native Christian females to leave the station for Allahabad. Gopee Nauth, deeming it to be a duty to act on the advice, proceeded with his wife and family, together with the wives and children of the native converts, to that city, intending to return to his post as soon as he saw them all lodged in the fortress. On reaching Allahabad, however, he soon found that things there looked just as ominous as at

Futtehpore; only at the former they had the great fortress, which commands the Ganges and the Jumna, to fall back upon. But even the fortress looked as insecure as the city; since it was guarded chiefly by the Sikhs, whose loyalty was at that time doubtful, and by a company of the 6th Native Infantry, the very regiment which so soon mutinied and killed their officers,—there being in it only sixty or seventy invalid Europeans hurriedly brought from the fort of Chunar. Concluding, also, that, as natives, he and his family might have a better chance of escaping, in the event of an outbreak, if they were outside the fort, he went on the very morning of the day on which the mutiny broke out, and took possession of one of the mission-houses on the banks of the Jumna, at a distance of about three miles.

From this house, (Mr. Owen's,) on the evening of that fatal day, they were startled by the glare of conflagration in the cantonments, and the confused, though somewhat distant, noise of infuriated multitudes,

commingling with volleys of musketry. They could not hesitate as to the cause. Cut off from the fort and the entire European community, after five or six hours of dreadful suspense, they resolved, before the dawn of next day, to attempt to cross the Jumna, and proceed by land to Mirzapore, distant about sixty miles. Having exchanged their dress for coarse and common raiment, taking with them a few rupees to defray the necessary expenses, and leaving all the rest of their baggage behind as prey to the mutineers and their fellow-plunderers, they reached the opposite bank of the river about daybreak, and set off on foot for Mirzapore. The fugitive party consisted of Gopee Nauth and his wife, two boys, the elder of them only seven or eight years of age, the younger one about six, and an infant at the breast, who, of course, had to be carried,—their servants, in spite of every promise of ample reward, having refused to accompany them. After walking a few miles, the summer sun in a cloudless copper sky soon blazing upon them with furnace heat,

their blistered feet refused to carry them any farther, and they sank down fainting and exhausted. "Then," says Gopee Nauth, "when in an awful dilemma, not knowing what to do, we raised our hearts to Him who is always ready to hear and grant the petitions of his believing people." Nor did they trust in vain. As they were praying, an empty cart came up that was returning that way; and the driver, for a reasonable sum, agreed at once to take them on a few miles.

The cartman, having reached the distance bargained for, dropped them in an open field, wholly without shelter of any kind, exposed to the fierceness of a meridian sun, and the fiery vehemence of the hot winds, which drove suffocating clouds of dust before them. Nor was this all: besides the hostility of the elements, they had suddenly to encounter the far more dreadful hostility of relentless men,—men set loose from the salutary restraints of government and law. It was evident that tidings of the mutiny and massacre at Allahabad had spread be-

fore them. All controlling authority being evidently considered as at an end, they no sooner stopped than, to their utter surprise, they were surrounded by the neighboring villagers, armed with latties, (sticks with lead twisted round one end,) swords, and muskets, threatening forthwith to rob and kill them. Again did they raise up their souls in fervent supplication to their gracious heavenly Father; and again did he interpose for their deliverance. The zemindar of the place, a Hindoo, suddenly made his appearance just in time. Gopee Nauth at once confessed that he and his family were Christians, and that their trust was in the God of the Christians. The zemindar, more intelligent than the armed rabble,—knowing more of the resources of the *Christian British* Government, and fearing after-retribution,—persuaded them to let their prey escape undamaged. He even procured the services of a cartman, who, for a moderate hire, agreed to take the party to Mirzapore. Thus the simple honesty of Gopee Nauth, in confessing, in trying circumstances, that he

and his family were Christians, seemed to be the very means of saving their lives.

Their progress that day was not very great. About sunset they reached a village distant only about twelve miles from Allahabad. There they found shelter for the night from a Brahmin, who professed friendship but in reality cherished deadly enmity. From a conversation which they happened providentially to overhear, they gathered that the Brahmin's purpose was to murder them in cold blood while sleeping, and thus secure the entire booty to himself. In this diabolical purpose he was frustrated by their keeping awake all night,—praying aloud, and singing praises to God their Father in heaven. Early in the morning they wished to depart, but could not, as the cartman had absconded with his vehicle; while the villagers assumed a fearfully threatening attitude. While detained there, they were doomed to witness some revolting atrocities, which indicated that the spirit of the murderous mutineers had also become to a great extent the spirit of the people at

large. Here is a specimen. A Hindoo syce, (groom, or horse-keeper,) returning from Cawnpore to his home at Mirzapore, with his wife and only child, about a year old,—and having several bundles, containing, probably, the earnings of years,—was arrested by the villagers. The syce himself they seized first, and soon plundered of every thing,—even the very clothes on his body. But when they began to strip his wife of her clothes, she very naturally made resistance. Resistance, however, being vain, she pitifully implored them to spare a part of her garment, sufficient to cover her nakedness. But this only exasperated the heartless villains, who, in their frantic rage, snatched the child from the mother's arms, and, holding it by the legs, dashed its little head violently on a stone, scattering the brains all around!

After such a spectacle, well might Gopee and his wife fear that there was no hope for them. Having passed another day and sleepless night, amid scenes of violence and unceasing alarm, and having judged that death

seemed inevitable anyhow, they resolved to put an end to excruciating suspense, and bring matters to a speedy and decisive issue, by openly and boldly confronting the danger. Accordingly, early on the morning of the third day, they started on their perilous journey. But hardly had they reached the main road, when they were beset by bands of armed ruffians, shouting defiance and menace. Interpreting their intentions, Gopee Nauth simply and plainly told them that he was a Christian padre, (minister,) that his vocation was to preach the gospel of salvation,—the very substance of which was "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men,"—that the property and lives of himself and family were in other hands, that they might do with them as they thought proper, while they would submit in humble resignation to the will of God.

The transparent honesty and conciliatory tendency of such words seemed to operate with some assuaging influence. Still, the property they must have, though they might spare their lives. Gopee Nauth then be-

sought them to allow him, at least, to retain the truss which he was compelled to wear in consequence of an internal rupture, as also his English Bible, which, being in an unknown tongue, could be of no use to them. But no! They must have all,—clothes, bundles, truss, Bible, and every thing. After being stripped completely bare, without offering any resistance, the villains began to quarrel among themselves about the division of the spoil. And, while from quarrelling they proceeded to mutual blows, Gopee Nauth, wife, and children contrived to run away, and so effected their escape.

Finding that the road to Mirzapore was blocked up and rendered quite impassable by hordes of ruthless robbers, they resolved to attempt to retrace their steps to Allahabad, though the attempt had all the appearance of a forlorn hope. Into the details of this weary retrograde journey I cannot now enter. Suffice it to say that, after having endured much suffering, from exposure to the sun and hot winds, as well as from hunger and thirst and nakedness, and the

ragings of the heathen, they succeeded, through the aid of some Hindoo zemindars, in reaching the Jumna. When crossing the river, they saw the mission bungalow burned down to ashes, the beautiful church shattered and dismantled, with endless other memorials, in every direction, of havoc and rapine.

On landing, they were instantly encompassed with Mussulmans, who, on learning that they were Christians, began to clamor for their lives. And killed there and then they inevitably would have been, had not the Lord put it into the heart of a Hindoo goldsmith to take pity on them and receive them into his own house, while himself, his son and brother actually stood with drawn swords at the outer gate to defend them from the murderous weapons of the sanguinary followers of the Arabian prophet. There they heard of the massacre in the cantonments, with the general plunder and destruction of property, with the further addition—which happily turned out to be untrue—that the mutineers had seized the fortress and murdered all its inmates. Such

information was well calculated to drive them into utter despair.

In the mean while, a Maulvi, or learned Mohammedan, had, in the name of the King of Delhi, proclaimed himself acting ruler of Allahabad and neighborhood. And, when the goldsmith could protect them no longer from the thousands that craved for their lives, they entreated the infuriated mob not to kill them there, but to take them to their own acknowledged head, the Maulvi, that he might pass on them what sentence he pleased. So eagerly bent were they on their destruction, that it was with extreme difficulty that this request was complied with. Even on their way to the Maulvi, they were again and again on the eve of being butchered. As one who kills a Kaffir or unbeliever—and all Christians are such in the estimation of Mussulmans—is declared to be rewarded by being carried to the seventh or highest heaven, there was a burning impatience on the part of the frenzied multitude to earn a share of this tran-

scendent felicity by at once imbruing their hands in Kaffir blood.

At length, however, they did reach the Maulvi, who had taken possession of a European garden-house. There he was seated, like a king on a throne, surrounded by men with drawn swords. Then followed a notable interview, which I shall give as nearly as possible in Gopee Nauth's own words.

Maulvi.—Who are you?

Gopee Nauth.—We are Christians.

M.—What place do you come from?

G.—Futtehpore.

M.—What was your occupation?

G.—Preaching and teaching the Christian religion.

M.—Are you a *padre?*

G.—Yes, sir.

M.—Was it you who used to go about reading and distributing books in streets and villages?

G.—Yes, sir: it was I and my catechists.

M.—How many Christians have you made?

G.—I did not make any Christians, for no human being can change the heart of another,—but God, through my instrumentality, to the belief and profession of his true religion, some thirty or forty.

On this, the Maulvi lost his temper, and exclaimed, in a great rage, "Fy, fy! shame, shame! this is downright blasphemy. God never makes Kaffirs, (Christians being such;) but you, Kaffirs, pervert the people. God always makes Mohammedans; for the religion of Mohammed, which we follow, is the only true religion."

M.—How many Mohammedans have you perverted to your religion?

G.—I have not perverted any one; but, by the grace of God, about a dozen Mohammedans have turned from darkness unto the glorious light of the gospel.

Hearing this, the Maulvi's face became as red as hot iron, and he cried out, in great wrath, "You are a rogue! a villain! You have renounced your forefathers' faith, and become a child of Satan, and have been using your every effort to bring others into

the same road of destruction. You deserve no ordinary punishment. Yours must be a cruel death. My sentence, therefore, is, that your nose, ears, and hands shall be cut off, at different times, so as to prolong your sufferings. Your wife must be dealt with in the same manner, and your children shall be taken into slavery."

On this, Gopee Nauth's wife, with undaunted courage, was enabled to say to the Maulvi, "Since we are to die, the only favor I ask for is, that we be not separated in our death, and that, instead of torturing, you order us to be killed at once."

There was something in this remark which, coming from a tender and delicate female, seemed to touch even the obdurate heart of the proud and haughty despot who for the hour was lord of the ascendant. So, after having kept silent for a while, as if profoundly meditating, he broke the silence, by exclaiming, "Praised be God! you appear to be a respectable man: I pity you and your family. As a friend, therefore, I advise you and them to become Mo-

hammedans. By doing so, you will not only save your lives, but be raised to a high rank." To this Gopee Nauth's answer was that "they would prefer death to any inducement he could hold out to them to change their faith in Jesus Christ as the only true Saviour." Somewhat astonished at the calm and firm reply, and apparently incredulous as to this being the resolve of Gopee Nauth's wife, he made a special appeal to her. Through God's grace at that trying moment, she staggered not in her faith, but, with as much firmness and decision as her husband, replied that she "was ready to sacrifice her life in preference to her trust in the Lord Jesus Christ and the profession of his name, and that no inducement which he could hold out would make her change her mind."

Evidently taken aback by so unexpected a reply, the Maulvi next asked Gopee Nauth if he had ever read the Koran. The answer was, "Yes, I have." "Ah," said he, "but you could not have read it with a view to be profited by it: you can only have been

picking out isolated passages in order to argue with the Mohammedans."

After a little further reflection,—being evidently puzzled what to do,—his final sentence was this:—"Well, out of pity I will allow you three days to think over the matter: during these days you may have proper help in studying the Koran. At the expiry of these, I shall send for you. If you then believe and become Mohammedans, all right and good,—it will go well with you. But if otherwise, your noses, ears, and hands must be cut off, according to the original sentence." On which Gopee Nauth remarked, "It is all in vain. There is no occasion to wait so long; for, while God is pleased to continue his grace to us, we will not renounce our faith. And as God's grace never fails those who trust in him, it were better for you at once to order our heads to be cut off." To this the Maulvi made no reply, but made signs to his attendants to take them off to prison, which was at no great distance.

While on the way to prison, guarded by

fierce Mussulmans with drawn swords, Gopee Nauth says, "I raised my heart in praise and adoration to the Lord Jesus Christ for having given us grace to stand firm in the trying hour when our lives were disposed of, and to overcome all the temptations which the Maulvi could hold forth. Repeating aloud the 11th and 12th verses of the 5th chapter of Matthew, I thanked my blessed Lord for counting us worthy to suffer for his name's sake."

On reaching the place of imprisonment, they were surprised and saddened to find already there several other native Christians who had been caught on the preceding day,—a British officer, covered all over with festering wounds, and another English gentleman, with his wife and five children, two or three of the latter being grown-up daughters, all of whom had to submit to insults and indignities from their unfeeling keepers. After mutual converse, Gopee Nauth proposed that, as they were doomed to die, they had better unite in prayer, and cast themselves on the guardian care of Him who could deliver

them from the mouth of the lion, or, if that was not his will, could render them triumphant when undergoing the most cruel death.

When engaged in this exercise, the grim jailer, highly offended, rushed forward, and, violently kicking Gopee Nauth on the back, sternly demanded him to desist, adding that if he prayed properly, in the name of Mohammed, he might pray as long as he pleased. On which Gopee's own remark is, "Our lips were thereby truly closed, but our hearts were still in communion with God, who regards the motions and desires of the heart more than the mere utterance of the lips."

Perceiving that Gopee Nauth's words cheered his fellow-captives, and that his attention served somewhat to relieve the poor officer, whose wounds had become putrifying sores, and who, in his torment, could neither sit, nor stand, nor lie down on the bare ground, the wicked jailer resolved to separate him from his family and all the rest. To this gratuitously cruel change some resistance

was made; on which a body of rebels fell upon them with weapons, dragging Gopee Nauth himself outside, and fastening his feet in the stocks, and seizing his wife by the hair of her head, knocking it against a brick, and inflicting a severe wound on the forehead, the impression of which will cling to her through life.

The bodily sufferings and mental agonies of all now became unspeakably aggravated. The wonder is that Gopee Nauth was enabled to survive for a day. For outside, with his feet in the stocks, he was exposed, without any shelter at all, bareheaded, to the blazing sun and hot winds.

If ever the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day," was literally verified, surely it was in this case. For, to add to the wonder, Gopee Nauth had for years been afflicted with a cerebral affection, the result of overstrained and unceasing mental energy that knew no repose. And previously, the least direct exposure to the sun, or over-exercise, was wont to heighten his sore malady. But now, as he himself remarked,

singular to say, "notwithstanding so much privation and fatigue, so much exposure to the sun and hot winds, our heavenly Father did not permit the dangerous complaint to be increased, but throughout caused it to remain much as it was before, when ministered to by all the needful appliances of relief."

Supplied with only a handful of parched grain in the middle of the day, and a single hard *chupatti* (or thin, coarse wheaten cake) at night, and a very little dirty water, they suffered also from hunger and thirst. Then, about every five minutes, the Maulvi's emissaries assailed them,—threatening to take away their lives if they did not instantly become Mohammedans. An illiterate Maulvi, also, used to pester them by reading passages of the Koran; but, when questioned as to their meaning, he confessed he did not know, as it was written in Arabic: to know the meaning was not necessary, as the virtue lay in hearing and remembering the words of the sacred book.

At last the third, the fatal day that was

to seal their doom, arrived; and we may suppose with what intense anxiety they were waiting to receive the order to appear in the Maulvi's presence and undergo the dreadful sentence. But the day passed away as usual; the Maulvi, from some unknown cause or other, did not send for them. On the sixth day, however, of their confinement, the Maulvi himself came to them, and, looking at Gopee Nauth, asked, with a leer of the eye, if he was comfortable. The reply was, "How can I be comfortable, thus exposed, day and night, with my feet in the stocks? but I take it patiently, as such is the will of my heavenly Father." Again, by threatenings and by promises, he strove to persuade them to renounce Christ and embrace the faith of Mohammed,—evidently concluding that it would redound more to his glory and that of his religion were he to succeed in making converts of a Christian minister and his family, than merely to put them to death, even by torture. His patience, however, now seemed exhausted by the resolute refusal of the poor sufferers,

and their steadfast perseverance in witnessing a "good confession" of the name of Jesus. Accordingly, disappointed and chagrined, he went away, denouncing instant and summary vengeance.

But his cruel and despotic reign was nearer an end than he had calculated upon, and the deliverance of his doomed captives nearer at hand than they had ever dared to dream of. For *that very day*, the *sixth* of their confinement, in consequence of the arrival of the gallant and now, alas! lamented Neill, with his Fusiliers, a band of European and Sikh soldiers issued out from the fort to attack the rebels. After a severe conflict, the latter were totally defeated; and on the following morning, before daybreak, the enemy retreated, and abandoned Allahabad with so much precipitation that they left their prisoners behind, unslaughtered. Soon were Gopee Nauth, his family, and their European companions, delivered, escaping like birds out of the cage of the fowler. And soon were they secure within the fort, and cherished in the very lap of Christian kind-

ness. Then did they joyously unite with their missionary brethren, and others, in praising and magnifying the name of their faithful covenant-keeping God, who had so wondrously sustained them amid such complicated trials and sufferings, strengthened them to make a full and open confession of his blessed name and religion before the enemy, and finally so unexpectedly delivered them from the very jaws of Satan.

There he soon heard of the horrible death to which his old benefactor, Mr. Tucker, judge of Futtehpore, was subjected by his own Mohammedan deputy,—a man whom he himself had raised from obscurity and placed in a situation at once lucrative and honorable, and who now repaid the generous kindness by treacherously betraying his master, and reading passages of the Koran over him, as the warrant for putting him to a cruel death. There, too, he heard of the total destruction of the mission-property,—church and schools, with mission-house and furniture, and library of valuable works, all completely destroyed; and, as

the time when it might be safe to return to the station seemed far distant, he availed himself of the offer of a free passage, in one of the Government steamers, to Calcutta. Here he has been for the last three months; and from his own lips I have again and again heard the affecting narrative of which I have now endeavoured, by the omission of many minute details, to furnish a compendious sketch.

And surely it is not possible for any one to peruse it without sensibly feeling that it furnishes a signal illustration of the triumphs of divine grace. Naturally and constitutionally he is just as weak, timid, and cowardly as any other native of Bengal. But when the truth of God is concerned, his faith renders him bold and fearless as a lion. His entire demeanor throughout, and especially the calmness and resolute fortitude manifested by this *native Hindoo Protestant minister* when under trial and condemnation by an arch-priest and arch-tyrant of antichristian Mohammedanism, may well bear comparison with any of the more no-

table trials of *European Protestant ministers* by the arch-priests and arch-tyrants of antichristian Popery. And is not this matter for adoring thankfulness? Away, then, with the foul calumny of godless politicians and mere men of the world, that there never has been a genuine native convert in India, or that all native converts are alike hypocritical and insincere! Apart from the thousands in Tinnevelly, and the hundreds or the scores elsewhere, the case of Gopee Nauth Nundy, and of the actual martyrdoms at Delhi, Bareilly, and Futteghur, ought forever to silence the wicked slander. And, then, think of Gopee Nauth's wife! She, too, was as brave of heart as her husband for the testimony of Jesus. She, too, was ready to be taken from her husband and children, and lay down her life, rather than repudiate the faith of Jesus, her blessed Lord and Saviour. There is hope, then, for India's daughters. Some of them have already paid the penalty of their lives for bearing the name of Christ; and others have

nobly proved that they were ready to die rather than renounce that blessed name.

Let us, then, in all this see wherein the true hope for India lies. See what Christianity did for Gopee Nauth and his family and fellow-sufferers! See what the want of Christianity has done for the high-caste Sepoys! When will our nominally Christian statesmen learn lessons of practical wisdom from these conspicuous dealings of Jehovah's providence? But I must pause. Gopee Nauth, as I stated, is now here. And, as he cannot be idle, wherever he is, he is busily engaged in preaching in the native bungalow chapels, in looking after native converts, and in rendering effectual assistance daily in our institution. The Lord spare and bless him in all his labors!

Yours affectionately,

ALEXANDER DUFF.

To this narrative, which reached Gopee Nauth Nundy in the "Missionary Gleaner," he has added the following details:—

"I cannot conclude without inserting a few words about the manifestation of God's goodness towards us. The saving of our lives was a miracle. Other dear Christians, both European and native, were exposed to similar dangers; but most of them were slaughtered. No less than ten or twelve times we were brought to the very brink of the grave. Every thing appeared as against us. The sun beat upon us with all its powerful rays; the hot wind—of which you cannot form any conception, as you were never in the country—pierced like deadly arrows; the sword hung, and was ready to fall upon us, to divide our bodies from our heads; starvation and nakedness brought our mortal frames into a state of wretchedness: yet none had power to injure us, because such was not the will of our heavenly Father. Again, the trials were so great and incessant that nothing but the grace of God alone kept us faithful. The Maulvi, when foiled by arguments to bring us to renounce the Christian faith, brought forward all the threats which a wicked heart could invent.

He threatened to take off all the limbs of our bodies, and thus torture us to death; but when he saw that these even had no effect to change our creed, he then promised to give us riches, land free of rent, and other worldly grandeurs; but, thanks be to God, he soon received a negative answer. His next attack was on my poor wife, who, though naturally a timid woman, yet at that moment she was astonishingly bold in declaring her faith. Well may I insert the sweet words of our blessed Lord, 'And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles. But when they deliver you up, take no thought how or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak: for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.' Surrounded as she was by no less than a hundred infuriated and savage-looking men with drawn swords, ready to inflict torture, yet she defended her faith most gloriously. When the Maulvi appealed to her, and said what he would do,

—thinking, no doubt, that her natural weakness would yield to his proposals, but not knowing that a greater Power than his was directing and supporting her,—she humbly, and yet with a loud voice, declared that she was ready to undergo any punishment he would inflict, but would not deny her Master and Saviour. While the man was arguing with me, she felt somewhat assured that we should be called to seal our faith with our blood. She began to teach the little boys in presence and in hearing of all; and thus she said:—'You, my sweet children, will be taken and kept as slaves when we shall be killed; but do not forget to say your prayers every day; and when the English power is re-established, fly to them for refuge, and relate the circumstance of our end.' And, while instructing, she was kissing them all the time. This pitiful scene no doubt touched their hard and stony hearts. The Maulvi ordered us to be taken to the prison and kept for a future occasion. Thus came we out through our fiery

trials, praising and glorifying Jesus for giving us grace and strength to confess him before the world."

Gopee Nauth Nundy, in the same communication, thus speaks of the Futtehpore native Christians:—"All of them, with their families, remained in the mission-premises to the last moment. When the mutineers attacked and burned all the houses, they then fled in different directions. Some of them, after crouching in jungles for more than a month, came to Allahabad for shelter; the others, no one knows whether they were killed by the mutineers or fell victims to the climate. One family, a man and his wife, who were both baptized and admitted into the Christian church, were caught by the mutineers. One of the man's hands was cut off, and the woman, after being savagely treated, was shorn of her hair. The English army, arriving in time, saved their lives. They are now at Allahabad."

The "British officer" mentioned in this narrative has been made the subject of a

special memoir,* of which we give a brief epitome. It should be observed, in justice to Gopee Nauth Nundy, that his faith was not giving way when the memorable words of the young Englishman were addressed to him. The story has been repeated in a manner calculated to lead to an impression that the Christian courage of Nundy was on the point of failure, when it was restored by the exhortations of his youthful friend.

Arthur Marcus Hill Cheek, or, as his friends usually called him, "Marcus," was born at Evesham, July 31, 1840. He grew rapidly up to the stature of man, and at fifteen stood within an inch of six feet. Evincing a strong partiality for the military profession, an appointment as ensign was secured for him in the Indian army; and in March of last year, when not yet seventeen, he left England to join his regiment, the Sixth Native Infantry, then stationed at Allahabad.

* The Martyr of Allahabad. Memorials of Ensign Cheek, of the Sixth Native Bengal Infantry. By the Rev. Robert Meek, M.A.

Prior to his departure, he had avowed himself a member of the Christian church, and shown by his conscientious behavior that serious thoughts were habitual with him. The mutiny was already in progress when he reached his destination, and in a fortnight from the time of his arrival he was in the midst of it. The Jumna flows into the Ganges at Allahabad; and the junction constitutes the holiest of all bathing-places to the pilgrims of Hindostan. Marcus had walked by the broad streams in their confluence, and had written briefly home, telling of the noble city that stretched along their banks, and expressing his gratification at the new circumstances in which he found himself. These bright prospects were soon darkened. There came rumors of insurgents advancing from the west, and the women and children were sent into the fort for safety. But the native regiment to which Ensign Cheek was attached had recently volunteered with enthusiasm to march against the Delhi rebels, and had been publicly thanked for their loyal spirit: so that,

trusting to stalwart Sepoys rather than to stone walls, the majority of the civilians preferred to remain in their usual quarters. The fort was terribly crowded, and very hot; and when the Governor-General's praise and thanks to the regiment were read out and received with cheers, most thought that the difficulty would pass over, and that they might safely remain without the walls of the fort. The Rev. J. Owen would have left the fort to re-occupy his house into which Gopee Nauth went; but he had got his chest of drawers, with his clothes, in the fort, and the inconvenience of moving them induced him to sleep that fatal night in the fort, instead of going back to his house. On such a slight circumstance did the preservation of his life hang! Nearly all the civilians were in the fort. The officers, of course, were obliged to stay with their men.

On the evening of the 6th of June, the officers of "the Sixth" sat down to the table unsuspectingly. Suddenly the faithless soldiery sounded the alarm-bugle, sur-

rounded them, and shot them down right and left. Of seventeen, only three escaped, —two by swimming the Ganges; nine young ensigns were bayoneted in the mess-room; and, in all, fifty Europeans fell that night. The treasury was plundered, the jail opened, the station fired, and atrocities committed too terrible for words. A Maulvi hoisted the green flag of the Prophet over the town, and declared himself viceroy of the King of Delhi. Under the scorching sun by day, and through the sleepless night, the beleaguered garrison of fugitives manned the ramparts of the fort, whence hour by hour their guns belched forth showers of flame. The gallant Neill,—who rests now in a soldier's grave at Lucknow,—pursuing with his troops his mission of relief up the valley from Benares, arrived at length, too late to avert disaster, but not too late to punish the murderers. The mutineers were speedily routed, and order and security again restored.

At the outbreak of this sanguinary struggle, Ensign Cheek happily escaped instant

death. He had retired early to his own private lodgings, and was therefore absent when the attack was made on his brother officers. Coming out into the street on hearing the tumult, he was struck down with a sword, and left, it is supposed, for dead. He contrived, however, to crawl away unnoticed and to hide himself in a ravine by the Ganges. Here he found a stream, the waters of which sustained his life for four days; and, for protection from wild beasts, he managed, although badly wounded, to raise himself into a tree at night.

On the fifth day of his concealment, Marcus was discovered, and dragged before the insurgent chief at the Khoosroo's garden, where he had established himself. In several of the published accounts of what then occurred there are slight discrepancies, and it is certain that an air of romance has been thrown around some of the facts which does not properly belong to them. We confine ourselves to authenticated documents, and from them construct a simple narrative.

There are those living who, in witnessing a good confession, must share our sympathy with Marcus Cheek. Death may set the seal to faith, may enrol in the "noble army" above, and confer the palm of eternal victory; but it does not constitute the martyr. It is the animating spirit that testifies in courageous words or patient endurance to the truth believed—"the spirit of life because of righteousness"—that in trusting the issues to God, whether the end come now or is delayed a while, is honored of him and secure of reward. Prominent in the group of Christians who suffered with the young soldier at Allahabad was Gopee Nauth Nundy, who met with young Cheek in the dungeon to which they were both committed.

In this dungeon were several other native Christians, and an English gentleman, with his wife and daughters. The young ensign was covered with festered wounds. The poor lad's sufferings were severe in the extreme: he could neither sit up nor lie down, as the others, on the bare ground. Gopee Nauth, touched with compassion, begged

of the jailer for him a coarse bedstead, and gave him water and such food as he could prepare, to revive him. And then, as the faint eye glistened with momentary life and the feeble tongue slowly articulated, he sat and listened to him as he told the story of his sufferings, or talked of his mother and distant friends. But this kindness of Gopee-Nauth roused the ire of the jailer, who insisted on removing him into another place, and, on this being resisted, called in soldiers, who thrust him out, fastened his feet in the stocks, and left him exposed, bare-headed, to the blazing sun and heated winds. Supplied with only a handful of parched grain in the middle of the day, and a single hard, coarse wheaten cake at night, and a very little dirty water, this small band of Christian prisoners endured much from hunger and thirst. Every few minutes, too, they were exposed to the threats of the Maulvi's emissaries, who swore to take their lives if they did not become Mohammedans. So the long days passed,—not all wearily and painfully, for "the salvation of the righteous

is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble."

The third day—Gopee Nauth's day of doom—came and went like the others. On the sixth day, however, the Maulvi himself appeared. He threatened, he exhorted, but alike in vain; and, his patience failing him, he departed, disappointed and chagrined, denouncing instant and summary vengeance. That very day he had himself to flee the avenger. Throughout these trying scenes, despite his physical helplessness and suffering, Marcus Cheek faltered not in his trust. Asked by his tormentors to become a Mussulman, and threatened, like the rest, with death if he refused, he answered, "Any thing but resign my faith and hope in my Redeemer." Overhearing the cruel words addressed to Gopee Nauth, he called to him, "*Padre Sahib! hold on to your faith: don't give it up.*" To Mrs. Coleman, their lady companion, he spoke in the same confident tone. Almost in his last moments of sensibility he called her to his side and bade her "*Remember to do every thing but that;*

be true to your faith and your hope;" and then she and he were parted; and we know no more.

Thus for nearly a week Ensign Cheek was exposed to the brutal caprice of his captors. Nothing could be learned of him for several days by those in the fort. On the 12th of June they heard that he was lying, badly wounded, with others, at the Khoosroo's; but they were unable to attempt a rescue. On the 17th, however, reinforcements having arrived, under the gallant Neill, the mutineers were attacked and dispersed on every hand. So sudden was their flight that they left their prisoners untouched. Some friendly people carried Marcus Cheek to the American mission-house, on the banks of the Jumna, whence Gopee Nauth had fled; and he was thence conveyed in a steamer to the fort. He was then in a sad state,—his forehead gashed with a sabre-stroke, and his body covered with bruises and sores. At intervals he appeared slightly sensible, and then again his spirit lapsed into slumber under the

shadow of death. That same evening he died. His last uttered wish, in a moment of seeming consciousness, was, to write to his mother. So gentle was he, yet so strong. They buried him in the covered way, by the river-side. There he has won his rest, —life's first great duty, and its last,—done nobly.

In Marcus Cheek the fortitude of the young soldier was only equalled by the faith of the young Christian. To die thus is to enter heaven crowned, and for a brief agony to be compensated with immortal felicity. His complete triumph in so sudden a trial shows how boundless are the resources of power and consolation secretly treasured in the hearts of those who have made God their refuge. They can say, "What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" for they remember the words, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

The horrible treatment of another of the native converts is described by the Rev. James Kennedy, of the London Missionary Society, who visited Allahabad after the

mutiny. He first speaks of the present aspect of the mission :—

"Though we had had disturbances at Benares, and our full share of anxiety, it was on reaching Allahabad that I saw for the first time, on a large scale, the desolating effects of the mutiny. I had been frequently in that place, and knew it well. It was one of the finest stations in Northern India. It was for nine days in the hands of the mutineers and rebels, who were left unchecked to pursue their own course. If they had been demons let loose from the pit, they could not have pursued with more fury the work of desolation. Most of the houses, having roofs of combustible material, were easily burned down; but there were several flat-roofed houses, with thick beams and stones laid over them, which were not so easily destroyed. In some cases, resolute and too successful efforts were made to destroy even these; but the toil was found too great, and a very few houses escaped with the destruction of the furniture and fittings of every description. Among these were the Station

Church and the principal chapel of the American Mission. It was quite melancholy to walk over the place, and see house after house in ruin, with nothing to be seen but pieces of charred wood and tottering walls, and then to remember how many who occupied those houses had been ruthlessly slain!

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"The native Christians live at two different parts of Allahabad, separated about three miles from each other, with a view to the convenience of their respective employments. I got a tent erected at one of these places, and I visited the other place as frequently as possible. I received a cordial welcome from the native Christians. I had much and most pleasing intercourse with them, and had most interesting accounts of their sufferings and perils. Some of their children had died from exposure, and some of the orphan-girls had been lost. No one knew what had become of them. Considering the circumstances in which they had been placed, the wonder was that the

native Christian community had not been utterly destroyed.

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"On Sabbath I preached at the two places where the native Christians are located. I have seldom had more attentive audiences. Their principal place of worship was on that day reopened for public worship. Windows, doors, sittings, every thing breakable, had been destroyed at the time of the mutiny. When the native Christians returned, they thought it preferable to meet for a time in one of their own houses for worship. When I was there, it was resolved to recommence the services in this chapel. No window or door had been restored, no sittings had been put in; but the place was well cleaned, matting was spread on the floor, and the people sat on it. I need not say I preached in this sanctuary with very peculiar feelings. The people evidently felt much, as the reoccupancy of their place of worship, looking now so differently from what it had done, vividly reminded them of the scenes through which they had

passed since they last assembled in it in May, 1857.

"One man sat before me, listening most devoutly to God's word,—a native Christian from Futtehpore, in whose narrative I had been deeply interested, and from whom I could scarcely withdraw my eye as I spoke. He had suffered much for the name of Christ. He had fled, with others, when the mutineers got the upper hand. He fell in with some Sepoys, who had seen him at Futtehpore, and who recognised him as a Christian. They called on him to deny Christ, and made large promises; but he said he would rather die than deny his Lord and Saviour. They, on hearing this, hacked him in the most cruel manner with their swords, and left him as dead. He lay insensible for several hours, and then, coming to himself, he crawled to a small village in the neighborhood, where there were low-caste Hindoos, who pitied him and treated him with the utmost kindness. His hand had been so cut a little above the wrist that it required only a

slight pull to take it off. By the advice of the poor people among whom he had gone, the stump was put into oil, which checked the violent hemorrhage. He was concealed, tended, and fed for some weeks, till he was able to make his way to Allahabad. All about his head, neck, and arms there were the marks of the fearful gashes, the wounds his cruel enemies had inflicted. Owing to the want for so long a time of proper medical treatment, the stump had not entirely healed, and the health of the poor man was so affected that I do not think it likely he has many days before him on earth. He seemed to me a very simple, earnest Christian. A few years ago he was a bigoted Hindoo. It has been common to say that persecution would scatter Hindustanee Christians like chaff; but, thanks to the grace of God, this is not the only case presented last year when Hindustanee Christians were found ready not only to suffer, but to die, for the sake of the Lord Jesus."

CHAPTER VIII.

Agra — The Description by the Converted Brahmin, Dwarkanath Lahoree—Another—The Profession of Christ during the Mutiny by a Brahmin and Mohammedan Woman — Thakur Das — The Ladies at Lucknow, Miss Orr and Miss Jackson—Sealcote and the Rev. Mr. Hunter — Death of the Rev. E. H. Cockey.

WHO has not heard of Agra and the fearful scenes which have given to it a terrible pre-eminence in the history of the Indian Rebellion? There it pleased God in his providence to let loose the storm of heathen fury with unrestrained violence on the innocent heads of his own people. The story is thus told by Dwarkanath Lahoree, a converted Brahmin, and a man of much intelligence, in a letter to his pastor, written in English:—

"Since the outbreak of the 11th of May, at Meeroot, to this day, the sufferings and

trials of many who bear the blessed name of our Lord, whether Europeans, East Indians, or natives,—whether men, women, or children,—have been such as passeth all description, and would melt the heart of a stoic, and draw tears from stones. It would require more space and time than I can at present spare, a better command over the language in which I have to write, and perhaps a harder heart, were I to dwell upon particulars, and to recount in detail the horrid scenes which have been passing here. . . . Oh, how many precious lives of Christians have fallen victims to the fury of bloodthirsty villains! Neither heroes nor politicians, the philanthropic missionaries nor civilians, pious and delicate ladies nor lovely little ones,—nay, not even the poor native Christians,—have been spared. In short, every person known or supposed to be a Christian that had the misfortune to fall into the hands of these wicked sons of Belial has been cruelly tortured and butchered. Dearly beloved brother Mackay, poor Walayat Aly, the missionaries at Futteghur and

their families, are believed to have earned the crown of martyrdom. . . . Oh, your heart would no doubt break were you to observe the present wretched condition of the military and civil lines of even this station. Instead of the neat and elegant bungalows, surrounded here and there with beautiful gardens, buggies and carriages running to and fro, and fair faces and cheerful looks all around, you will find now heaps of ashes and ruined buildings, environed by rank vegetation, poisoning the very atmosphere with noxious exhalations, and a dreary waste where one dare not go during broad daylight without a body of armed men to protect him. The very house under the roof of which we enjoyed so many Saturday evenings with you in the edifying and soul-refreshing exercises of the family altar, and in holy conversation, is a heap of ruins. My own self had a very narrow escape. Not being allowed by the authorities to have a shelter within the walls of the fort, I was obliged to remain out, at the risk of my life, in my house at Wuzurpore, on the

5th of July, the fearful day never to be forgotten. On that date the Neemuch and other mutineers came as far as Shahgunge, about four miles from the city, with the intention of attacking us, and had a fight there with the European troops stationed here. The result of the battle was not very satisfactory. Our force was obliged to retreat to the fort, and though the mutineers, as appeared afterwards, were also obliged to retreat, yet all the bungalows were plundered and burned, and the sovereignty of the King of Delhi proclaimed for three days in the town.

"Oh, what a horrible spectacle did Agra present that night! Almost the whole of the native population were in arms; about four thousand ruffians of the worst character that were confined in the great jail, let loose; the budmashes, known bad characters, busy in plundering the unprotected houses of Christians; the fanatical and inhuman followers of the false prophet, armed to the teeth, like so many hungry wild beasts, seeking the forlorn and inoffensive followers

of the Lamb for their prey, and with their hideous war-cry, 'Allah! Allah!' breathing bloody vengeance against them and those who, moved by compassion, would dare shelter them; the mutilated remains of such Christians as fell into their hands exposed in the public streets; the bungalows blazing all around, as if to make 'darkness visible,' or to show the triumphs of him whose chief delight, or rather heart's desire, is to see the ruin of immortal souls. In short, all the chaotic elements of 'confusion worse confounded' were called together to exhibit a picture most detestable, horrifying, and agonizing. I should certainly have fallen into the hands of some of these miscreants, had not one pundit, Gopal Sing, an influential Hindoo friend and neighbor of mine, protected me in his house for some time, and then helped me to conceal myself in the house of a faithful servant of his, who was formerly a chuprasse under me. I was obliged to remain three days and three nights in a dirty hut, where he used to keep a pair of bullocks and boosa. On the fourth

day I succeeded in finding my way to the fort, where I have been quite comfortable and safe up to this day. Of course, as a poor native Christian, not yet sufficiently Anglicized, or rather civilized, by a change of dress and name, I had my share of annoyance and insults; but God be praised for his manifold mercies, the least of which I do not deserve. How grateful should we be to the Lord of Hosts for the many signal deliverances vouchsafed and the measure of strength given us during such times of trouble! As a loving Father, he chastises us in judgment and not in anger, and is ever ready to help us whenever we call on him in faith and with an humble dependence on his mercies. May it ever be our wisdom to look up to him, and not to sink under the burden of sin or trial!"

Surely, after this letter of Dwarkanath Lahoree, and the many like testimonies, we need not say that the gospel has not been a failure in India.

Another Hindoo Christian at Agra wrote the following letter, shortly after the first

alarm in that place; and no one can help noting the manner in which he refers to two unhappy men who wavered in the faith and denied their Christianity:—

"The Lord, in his great mercy, has saved us all until now; but the Mussulmans are only waiting for an opportunity to cut us up. Last Sunday we had no divine service: we were anxiously waiting for Mr. F., who was to administer the Lord's Supper to us; but, instead of him, news came, 'No service. Fly for your lives: guard and save yourselves.' We then took refuge in the Press. For three days we had no work. During the day we went to our houses; but at night we stayed with our families at the Press. Mr. Longden having procured arms for us from the magazine, we have armed ourselves, and kept a regular guard over the place. Horrible rumors sometimes quite discourage us; but our hope is in the Lord; and when we take up our Bibles and read in them,—especially in the Psalms,—we find great consolation and rest for our alarmed minds. The Mussulmans tell us the *jiliad*

(religious war) is now commenced: they are gnashing their teeth at the Christians, wishing to abolish Christianity from the face of India. Some of them said, in our presence, 'We shall hang your padres first, and then kill you all.' But they cannot do this. The Roman emperors wished the same, and they persecuted the Christians of the first century very much; but they never gained their object: much less will the Mohammedans now. Christianity, being the only true religion, has its roots firm, and the enemies dare not pluck them up. Kind father, do not forget your flock before the throne of grace. Never take rest until the enemies are put to shame and confusion. Do what Moses did when the Israelites were fighting with the Amalekites:—lift up your hands for us.

"Two persons who have escaped from Delhi, Rustam's son-in-law and an East-Indian Christian, are now with us; but the latter only came away on the denial of his faith. Oh, unhappy man! He has saved his body, but destroyed his soul. Christ

says, 'Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father and the holy angels.' The present trial has, if I am not mistaken, proved the faith of your flock. We are ready, if necessary, to give up our souls for our Lord. Oh, may he grant us mercy, that we may live for him and die for him!"

One of the most interesting occurrences in the history of the whole mutiny is that related by the same faithful man, of a Hindoo Brahmin and Mohammedan woman, who, in the very midst of the dangerous scenes which were passing around them, and while the oldest servants of Christ were being "tried in the furnace of affliction" and persecution, came forward and boldly avowed themselves to be Christians, seeking to be admitted to the visible Church of God. Few would select such an hour and such a place for the avowal of their change; but a mysterious Providence seems to have made the very horrors which surrounded them their chief incitements to the hazardous though noble step.

"In the midst of these present disturbances," (says this Hindoo writer,) "when our prospect for the future is beset with dark clouds, it is refreshing to see a ray of light, if ever so small. Thus, I had the pleasure to instruct and prepare two persons for holy baptism,—a Hindoo man and a Mohammedan woman. The latter was baptized on the 12th of August. She has been acquainted with the way of salvation and Christian people for some time, and quite convinced in her mind that she can only be saved by faith in Him who came into this world to save sinners; but, for some cause, she had deferred to make a confession and to receive baptism. The present calamities, however, in the country, showing the uncertainty of human life and all the things of this world, roused her to a sense of her duty with regard to her immortal soul; and she at once made up her mind to enter into the sheepfold of Christ ere it be too late. She appears to be quite sincere, and I trust will conduct herself worthy her calling.

"The man is a young Brahmin, about

twenty-four years old. He became acquainted with Christianity a year or two ago, when at Jullandhur in the service of a Christian officer. He had read a good deal of the New Testament before he came to me, and has now gone through a regular course of instruction in the chief truths of our holy religion. As he appeared sincere, and anxious to make a confession of his faith in Christ his Saviour, I baptized him on the 6th instant. May the Lord give him strength and grace to walk as a faithful disciple and soldier of Christ, fighting manfully under the banner of the cross against Satan, the world, and the flesh, and may ere long many more of his benighted countrymen imitate his example! And I confidently hope the present crisis will tend towards breaking down the bulwarks of the prince of darkness and building up the temple of Christ."

Agra presented a witness for the truth in one of the native preachers, Thakur Das, who was seized and carried off by the rebels, by whom he was urged to renounce the religion of Christ. He was enabled to remain

faithful amidst the greatest peril; for his persecutors were about to kill him, and would have fulfilled their determination but for the defeat of the 10th of October, when Thakur Das made his escape to Agra. This good man has since had the pleasure of resuming his work, visiting the numerous villages around Chitaura, where he has been received with cordial welcome and allowed to fulfil his sacred task without opposition.

TWO ENGLISH LADIES.

During the siege of Lucknow, two English ladies experienced in a remarkable manner the power of the divine word to yield support to those who are enabled to lean on its promises in the hour of trial. The interesting narrative may already have met the eye of the reader; but it is too closely related to our subject not to find a place in these pages. If the ladies of whom we have to speak were not called upon, like the Indian martyrs and confessors, to witness for Christ in the presence of their heathen persecutors, they have given to the

whole world their testimony to the power of the "exceeding great and precious promises" to raise the believing heart above the fear of "man that shall die, and the son of man that shall be made as grass." Their tale is thus narrated by one of the "correspondents" of the English press:—

"I was introduced to Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson, of whose preservation I wrote you an account in a former letter. They are comfortably lodged in a house near Banks's bungalow; but they evince in countenance and a painful air of suffering the effects of their long captivity. Their lives were spared, indeed; but they were watched night and day by armed guards, who did not hesitate to use gross and insulting language towards them, and whose constant delight it was to tell them of the outrages and massacres which were taking place all over India during the time of our troubles. Their lives were preserved by the fidelity of the Darogah, or by his desire to secure his personal safety in case the British became masters of the city. Day after day, before they were

concealed in his house, they lived in expectation of death. In the midst of their captivity there was one source of consolation shut to them. They had neither Bible nor Prayer-Book, and they felt the want exceedingly, but they could not remedy it; for any attempt to procure a religious book would not only have been unsuccessful, but would have increased the severities of their jailers. Meantime, a little child, a Miss Christian, fell sick, and for several days they in vain sought assistance for her. At length, in a mood of contemptuous pity, the natives obtained the service of a native doctor for the dying child; and this man sent some vile potion or other wrapped up in a piece of paper torn from the first book he could lay his hands on, being the Bible that had been taken from them. For a moment or two the printing on this fragment escaped attention; but as Mrs. Orr, now drawing it from her bosom, placed it before us with an air of gratitude and reverence, I could well understand how it was that the words thus conveyed to them seemed to them promises

from heaven, and bade them hope, and fear no more. Of the fragment thus conveyed to our countrywomen I have procured an exact transcript, which I send herewith. It may be imagined how these words of comfort and assurance lighted up the prison,—a handwriting on the wall in characters of fire, to illuminate the gloom of their dungeon :—

" 'I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass?

" 'And forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that had stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundation of the earth; *and had feared* continually *every day, because of* the fury of the oppressor.

" 'The captive exile hasteneth that he may be loosed, and that he should not die in the pit.'

" These words were accepted by our fellow-countrywomen as promises from heaven; and from that time they hoped on, till they were rescued from the midst of the enemy."

SEALCOTE.

SEALCOTE, in the Punjaub, has gained for itself a name like Pergamos, in the Lesser Asia, "wherein," the Saviour says, "Antipas, my faithful martyr, was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth." The Church of Scotland thus laments the fall of the Rev. R. Hunter, who, with his wife and child, perished under the hands of the assassins. The brief missionary course of Mr. Hunter is thus described by his friends:—

"Although met at the outset by 'numerous difficulties and discouragements,' these were not by any means formidable; and on the 28th of February Mr. Hunter wrote in cheering terms of the prospects of the mission. In his next letter to the committee, dated June 9, he said, 'Two months ago the country seemed profoundly tranquil, and bright schemes for the future were formed, not only by statesmen, but also by missionaries. . . . How these are doomed to disappointment is now apparent.' He adds, 'I forbear laying before you our positive danger,—about fifty Europeans to defend us

against more than twelve hundred Sepoys. We have not followed the example of almost every one and taken refuge in the fort of Lahore.'

"No future communication from Mr. Hunter ever reached the committee; but from an interesting paper drawn up by his brother, who had also been a missionary in India, it appears that he wrote again, on the 12th of June, that then only eight ladies remained at Sealcote, but that still Mrs. Hunter held out, not believing that they ought to go. When an assault on Delhi could not be attempted, from the limited number of the troops, and reinforcements were consequently sought from the Punjaub, 'it was felt,' as the narrative records, 'that they could not be granted unless most of the remaining Sepoy regiments throughout the province were first disarmed.' The native troops at Jhelum resisted; and when, having been overcome, they were forced to flee, many of them rushed to Sealcote, 'bent on exciting a mutiny there.'

"'When Mr. Hunter heard of the san-

guinary contest at Jhelum, he felt, at last, that it was his duty to seek a place of safety, and, abandoning the mission-house on the 8th of July, went with his family to a bungalow some distance from the cantonment on the road to the fort of Lahore, where, unhappily, he was persuaded to stay till morning. At midnight things looked threatening, and Mr. Hunter resolved to go, and again departed from the resolution. Once again he thought of instant flight, but once more he lingered. Before daybreak of the 9th the mutiny had begun. When the Hunters heard the firing they had their carriage made ready, and fled away from the doomed station, till, meeting, it is believed, Sepoy guards who had been posted by the mutineers to intercept and murder all fugitives, they were compelled to return and make for the fort of Sealcote. As they were passing the jail, around which many of the mutinous cavalry were congregated with the view of releasing the prisoners, Mr. Hunter was suddenly shot dead, a pistol having been held so close to his head as to

scorch his face with the powder. The same ball passed through the neck of Mrs. Hunter and wounded her, though it is believed not mortally. On this a Mussulman jail-keeper rushed on her with a sword or bayonet and killed both her and the child. The three bodies were found next day about a mile from the fort, the corpse of Mrs. Hunter still holding with a death-grasp the murdered baby.' Doubtless they died in the faith and hope of being forever with the Lord."

We cannot close these memorials of Christians slain in the Indian Revolt without adding one more to those already given.

The Rev. E. H. Cockey was born at Futteghur, about 1822, and, after studying for three years at Bishop's College, was appointed catechist in the Hindostani Mission in Calcutta in 1851. He went to Cawnpore in 1855, and was ordained at Agra by the Bishop of Madras in 1856. He was slain at Cawnpore. He is the "padre" in the terrible scene so faithfully depicted by the hand of a native eye-witness of the massacre

at Cawnpore, who tells us that, "just as the Sepoys were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nana (Nena Sahib) and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it. The padre's bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the Sahib people (the English), who was shot in the arm and in the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you see about it quickly and get the work done?—why delay?' After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the Sahib people shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded: so they went in and finished them off with swords."

Although Cawnpore has acquired a fearful celebrity in the Indian tragedy, having been the scene of the slaughter of nearly a thousand sufferers, it could not, from the manner in which this cruelty was exercised, acquire equal distinction as the field of mar-

tyrdom. The victims were not tested as to their faith and promised life as the reward of apostasy: they were murdered because they were natives of England, or the voluntary subjects of British rule, and professors of the religion of Jesus Christ. There were found in the den in which they were slaughtered fragments of the Sacred Scriptures and pious books, which encourage the belief that many of them, in the anticipation of their dreadful doom, sought support and consolation from the true and unfailing source, "the fountain of living waters." But it was not permitted to them to take their place in the honored ranks of those who died or were willing to die for the defence of the gospel. How many of them have died in the Lord, having previously furnished proof that they were the true followers of Christ, or having, in the apprehension of destruction, sought for the salvation of the soul, we have not the means of telling.

CONCLUSION.

As we read of these additions to the noble army of martyrs and confessors, we are, it may be, led to inquire whether we should be steadfast if we had to pass through similar scenes of trial. If we had to perish amidst the most cruel tortures our enemies could invent, or deny the Lord Jesus Christ, should we follow the miserable example of some who bore the name of Christian? Should we repeat the Mohammedan creed, the *kulma*, or *do pooja* (worship) before a miserable idol? or should we say, with Walayat Ali, "I am resolved to live and die a Christian"?

These are questions which it would be well for us to ask ourselves with all earnestness,—although it would be scarcely possible that we could give to them a true reply. Our present feeling will furnish no infallible

test of our future fidelity. Those who are now apprehensive of failure in the trying hour might realize the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" and some who are ready, with the too-confident Peter, to say, "Though all men should forsake thee, yet will not I," might in the time of trial deny that they ever knew the Saviour. Some of those thus put to the test who were most timid and apprehensive in the prospect of the fiery trial found themselves endowed with the utmost courage when the executioners went to lead them to the stake; while others, who spoke too confidently of their anticipated triumphs, were near falling away through the bitter pain of the martyr's death.

It were better that we should ask whether we are now faithful to Christ in doing whatsoever our hand findeth to do. If we are faithful in the post in which we are placed, whether lowly or exalted,—if we are occupying with the one or the ten talents,—if we have discovered the special work for which the gifts of nature and grace have fitted us,—

if we are faithfully following our "own line of things,"—we need not apprehend that we should be left without power to fulfil the duties or endure the sufferings that might await us in the future. It is the same divine principle that urges the Christian forward to his daily pilgrimage along his upward path to heaven, that sustains the laborious missionary in his studies, his preachings, and his disputations with the heathen, that strengthens the spirit of the pious youth when he is ridiculed and taunted by his ungodly fellows in the warehouse, that comforts the Christian widow in her poverty, and gives triumph to "the blessed martyr" at the stake. Can we endure that degree of annoyance, or privation, or contempt, and resistance, that may be incident to a Christian profession in the circumstances in which we are now placed? Or do we lay aside our Christian profession in the railway-car, in the mixed company, in the haunts of commerce, to resume it only among those whom we know to be pious and devoted to Christ?

These are questions worth the asking; for

they admit of a correct reply. If we are not faithful in that which is least, how shall we be in that which is greatest? If we have not strength enough to carry a little cross, how shall we be able to bear the heavy load that has weighed many to the ground? Many who, when at home, called themselves Christians, denied the faith as soon as they found it involved them in affliction; and we may fear that, like them, we should fall in the trying hour if we do not now, openly and everywhere, humbly, not ostentatiously, take our place on the Lord's side.

"Array thee from God's armory of light,
In which Christ's feeblest soldier stands secure;
Or, rather, his eternal arm invoke,
To endue thee with that panoply of grace
By which they vanquish'd,—midst thy fears and sloth,
Alas! still incomplete nor well 'put on.'"

We ought not to read these narratives without being stimulated to the performance of the duties of which they are calculated to remind us.

When we see the Hindoos and Moham-

medans falling at the feet of the Messiah and presenting to him their bodies as a living sacrifice, ought we not the more carefully to inquire whether we are also his disciples? The word of God has gone out from us to India: have we participated in its blessings and experienced its power to illuminate the understanding and convert the heart? We have seen faithful missionaries proclaiming the Great Prophet, like unto Moses, to the Mussulmans, and not in vain; for they have put aside the kulma, and, instead of crying, "There is one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," they have acknowledged Christ to the glory of the Father. We have seen the Hindoo turn away from his idols and draw nigh to the true God, in the true and living way, having his heart sprinkled by the blood of Christ and purified in the laver of regeneration. Have I also bowed at the pierced feet of Jesus? Have I cried to him, as Thomas did, "My Lord, and my God"? Have I yielded to the great command "that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Fa-

ther"? Have I recognised the authority that says, in reference to the Messiah, "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him"?

These are questions with which each of us should catechize himself with the utmost sincerity, lest our unbelief, contrasted with the faith of the new converts to whom we are sending the gospel, should furnish an affecting comment on the faithful warning of Christ to the Jews:—"Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven. But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

You are perhaps convinced, by the facts presented to you, that the Scriptures and the preaching of the gospel have produced in India effects which have never been produced in you amidst all your religious privileges, and you may suspect that the cause

of failure is to be found in yourself; and it will be well if this suspicion lead you to the discovery that you have to blame yourself for your own unbelief.

The converts in India who honored the Lord Jesus in their lives and by their heroic deaths have given to his gospel an amount of earnest attention which it has never received from you. They have contrasted its sublime truths with the absurdities of their superstition; they have seen the difference between its holy commandments and the vile practices allowed and enjoined in their religion; they have rejoiced in the messages of mercy, of which they felt their great need; they have been overwhelmed with the display of infinite mercy; they have perceived in the divine arrangements announced to them the blessing adapted to the wants of their moral nature; they have rejoiced to hear that there is a Holy Ghost, that he is given because Christ is glorified; and with all earnestness they have sought, and with all joy they have received, the great salvation. With you, Christianity,

with all its teachings and privileges, has been a thing of course, and has awakened no more serious attention than the sublime scenery that has surrounded the Alpine peasant from the moment of his birth, but to the sense of whose beauties his mind has never wakened up. The beautiful in form and color exists around us in vain, until the love of the beautiful is enkindled within; and the true is proclaimed to us and read by us in vain, if there be no corresponding love of the truth in the heart. Divine truths will not fail to affect the heart they shine upon, as the polished mirror will reflect the forms and colors before which it is placed. You still have the mirror of your heart veiled, it may be, with worldly indifference to the gospel, with unbelief or formality; but let the veil be drawn aside and your heart turned to the truth, and your soul will reflect as from a glass the glory of the Lord.

And, now, is there not a voice crying from the ground where these confessors stood and these martyrs fell,—a still, small, but penetrating voice, loud enough to reach the

Christian's ear and vibrate on his heart? Man! woman! child of God! the voice of thy martyred brother crieth to thee from the ground. Let its cry be heard. It tells of those who have been faithful unto death and have seized the palm of victory; and it summons thee to thy share in the work of the Lord. If false Christians doubt the victorious power of the gospel, we point to these true believers, who were living "epistles of Christ" and who honored him even more by their death than by their lives. The duty assigned to us in the great moral conflict is very humble, and may be rendered without danger and personal suffering. We have to pray the Lord of the harvest to thrust out more laborers, and to act in a manner that will not condemn our prayers as hypocritical. If we aspire to a fellowship with those who have died for Christ, we must remember the sacrifices they have made, and emulate their fidelity by the surrender of luxury, and, it may be, of ease and comfort, for the great cause in which they were willing to die.

Oh, may the blessed work go on until "that day" when "a man shall cast his idols of silver, and his idols of gold, which they have made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats,"—until the universal reign of the Prince of Peace, when "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent's meat," —until the heavens resound with the blessed tidings that "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ;"—until

"One song employs all nations; and all cry,
'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

THE END.

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